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The Week

IT has been clear from the beginning of the negotiations between England and Ireland that Ulster was a factor of primary importance in the decision. Through the lines of President de Valera's earlier notes it is easy to read that with a united Ireland he can consent freely to remain within the empire with the status of a dominion. With Ulster set off from south Ireland he must demand more than this. This difference in terms is the result in the first place of strategic consideration affecting the safety of the country. South Ireland is not defensible along the arbitrary frontier granted to Ulster, and Mr. de Valera demands independence as a weapon against coercion. In the second place the difference is a matter of political consideration. Sinn Fein will accept a dominion status as the price of a united country; but with Ulster standing aloof, including, moreover, within its boundaries two Catholic and republican counties, the Irish Republicans see no reason why they should compromise. Thus Ulster remains the last obstacle to the settlement of the oldest quarrel between nations, and one that involves more than any other the peace of the world.

THE burden of proof rests absolutely upon the English government. It was the same ministers now sitting at Westminister who forced into Ulster's then reluctant hand the weapon with which that province threatens the world. The riot and bloodshed which have prevailed at Belfast since the beginning of the truce show the persistent malevolence with which the Orange fanatics contemplate a possible settlement, even with their own position secured, and the lengths to which they will go to wreck it. Fortunately in the face of provocation the truce continues, and by its continuance shows how sincere is the desire for peace on the part of southern Irish and English alike. It is a political necessity both for Mr. Lloyd George and for Sinn Fein. The fundamental condition of such a peace is expressed by the Irish Bulletin, the official organ of the Dail Eireann, in words which it will be well to remember as the most significant which have been uttered and which contain the true formula of settlement:

> Ireland makes but one condition, that it be a free union. . . . Whatever qualifications of a 'complete political and economical separation' are made necessary by physical and historical facts will be acceptable to Ireland, provided they are consonant with the principle of 'government by the consent of the governed.'

THESE words are the text of Mr. de Valera's last message to Mr. Lloyd George. He points out that the position of the Irish rests absolutely on their "fundamental and natural right to choose freely for themselves the path they shall take to realize their natural destiny." In other words he holds that the validity of any arrangements with England must depend not upon England's historic rights, but upon the consent of the governed. Such arrangements will appear not as concessions gen-

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erously granted by an overlord, but as conditions agreed upon between two free and mutually respecting peoples. That these conditions will take account of physical and historical facts is indicated by the inspired statement in the Irish Bulletin. In one respect Mr. de Valera's statement should command the sympathy of the world—his resolute reprobation of force as discrediting any settlement into which it enters as a factor. At the moment there are open three methods of peaceful procedure. There is the continuation of negotiations by means of plenipotentiaries; there is arbitration; there is the plebiscite which is implied in Mr. de Valera's principle, "the consent of the governed." The chief difficulty in the way of negotiation is the renunciation of the right to employ force for coercion, which England must forego in the case of Ireland as in that of the dominions. Once this difficulty surmounted it should be undoubtedly possible to arrive at an agreement with such modifications of complete separation as the physical and historical facts of the situation demand.

PRESIDENT HARDING'S speech to the officers of the War College reminds one of the movie of a man trying to carry water on both shoulders. It is quite impossible to avoid getting some of it down his neck. The President leaning far to the right assured his hearers that:

> It is perfectly futile to think there may never be another conflict when you stop to consider that in 2,000 years of Christian civilization and 4,000 more of pagan civilization concerning which we are informed we have only lately come to a real civilized state of armed warfare, and that does not apply quite to all the nations of the world.

The implication seems to be that with warfare in such a flourishing civilized state, except for a few backward peoples, it is futile to expect the world to discard it. Shifting to the left the President continued:

> I want you officers of the army to precede your activities in the defence of our national life with that insistent understanding among peoples that we must put furtherest aside any possible occasion for conflict.

We infer that he wants them individually to sign the covenant of the League of Nations. Then drawing himself up to his full height as Artemus Ward would say, he secures equilibrium with the assertion:

> There should never be a conflict between civilized nations and there never will be if there are men in authority who will insist on a full understanding first.

THE fourth amendment to the Constitution has been discovered, and the people are now assured in large type in metropolitan journals that their right "to be secure in their persons, papers and effects against unreasonable searches and seizures shall not be violated, and no warrants shall issue but upon probable cause, supported by oath or affirmation, and particularly describing the place to be searched, and the persons or things to be seized." Is this right asserted in favor of socialists, pacifists, I. W. W.'s—persons who have some intellectual or spiritual interest in a new and, they hope, better social order? Is it urged in protection of members of a race which has committed itself, wisely or not, to the working out of such an order? No indeed. It is invoked on behalf of the citizen and his supply of drink, whether hoarded, smuggled or home-brewed.

THE Mexican situation shows progress through the decision of the Mexican Supreme Court to the effect that Article XXVII of the Mexican constitution is not retroactive. The Chamber of Deputies is expected to follow the advice of its special Petroleum Commission and adopt an amendment to the constitution fixing May 1, 1919, as the date before which all titles shall be recognized. The conference of representatives of American oil companies with the Mexican authorities is proceeding apparently without difficulty. On the other hand President Obregon declared firmly in his message to Congress that a special treaty with the United States as the price of recognition is "neither possible, convenient, nor necessary, and is contrary to Mexican constitutional precepts, in that it creates special privileges for Americans." We could regard with perfect equanimity a situation in which Mexico should so completely consolidate her position in the world both internally and externally that the United States would find itself forced to accord recognition purely as a matter of convenience and self-interest; and further would be forced to abandon forever the preposterous notion that recognition is a favor, a bribe, a bonus, a bargain or anything but a part of business routine between nations.

THE personnel of the American delegation to the Disarmament Conference as forecast by the press excites distrust. That it should be headed by Secretary Hughes is natural and proper, and his ability, experience and influence are the chief grounds at present for confidence in the enterprise. The appointment of Senator Lodge is unnecessarily bad. His speech in the Senate on accepting the

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position shows how remote is the possibility of achieving anything in the direction of disarmament if his views are to sway the conference. Senator Borah as the most conspicuous representative of disarmament should be a member, and Senator Knox, by virtue of his long experience with Far Eastern affairs in the State Department and Senate. Women are right in demanding a delegate, and recognition of the urgency of peace sentiment behind the conference, of the spirit of national sacrifice and good will without which ideals of peace can never be achieved, would be properly accorded by the appointment of Miss Jane Addams.

THE National Lumber Manufacturers' Association the other day published an advertisement pointing with pride to facts refuting the popular belief in the existence of a lumber trust. No one sawmill, said this advertisement, produces more than one-half of one per cent of the country's lumber, "no one company" more than one per cent, "no one group of related companies" more than three per cent, and "no one association of lumber companies represents more than fourteen per cent of the total lumber output." If true, and if the existence of some larger "group" or "association" in this hierarchy has not been suppressed, this is good news. And now to consider the next statement: "These 30,000 sawmills in forty-six states can make annually more than two times as much lumber as the public consumes." This is not good news. It means that there is invested in sawmill equipment twice as much money as is called for, and that of course this extra overhead cost is passed on to the consumer in an added cost of lumber. Are we to thank God there is so much "healthy" competition in the lumber business that we, as consumers, must help pay for twice as many sawmills as are necessary?

THE outbreak of the Moplahs, in the hill region near the Malabar Coast, is one of the signs that the situation in India is approaching the breaking point. The Moplahs are fanatical Mohammedans who were recruited in considerable numbers for service in France. The suspicion that the demobilized tribesmen had retained some of their implements of war, and the attempt to search and disarm them, apparently led to the outbreak. The British are thus reaping the fruit of the detestable policy of white nations in arming their subject peoples and leading them to war in quarrels with which they have essentially no interest. The trouble would seem not immediately connected with the great boycott of the British raj in India, known as the Non-cooperative Movement led by Gandhi, but it may prove nevertheless a torch to the magazine.

FAR more serious is the trouble in Madras which grows directly out of the strike in pursuance of the non-cooperation policy. We read that "the police were twice compelled to fire on the mob and six persons were killed and twenty-one wounded." Whether the Indians were the aggressors and departed from Gandhi's injunction of non-violence, or whether they were the victims of provocative tactics on the part of officers driven to exasperation by the passive resistance of the people, does not appear. In any case the portent is an unhappy one both for English and Indians. The Indian revolution through the method of non-cooperation, striking at the very heart of British rule in India by making it unprofitable, seems to have in it possibilities of success, of becoming an example of what Mr. Hobson calls "Revolution by consent." At all events the organization of the people, their inter-racial unity and tolerance, their self-control, are evidence of a capacity for self-government which their rulers denied; and the instance of a revolution whose only weapon is passive endurance and whose strength is suffering, has attracted the admiration of the world. The resort to violence will inevitably sacrifice the spiritual advantage which Gandhi has gained, and practically it will be to play directly into the hands of the British raj.

"The Spirit of Lawlessness"

THE Annual Convention of the American Bar Association at Cincinnati was opened by what the Times calls "a thoughtful and philosophical address" by Solicitor General James M. Beck, who considered "with his usual breadth of historical knowledge and charm of rhetoric the 'Spirit of Lawlessness' now so prevalent throughout the world." Informing, stimulating and entertaining as the oration must have been to those privileged to hear it, we peruse it with a feeling that it missed an opportunity. Mr. Beck's "breadth of historical knowledge" furnishes him with a number of allusions, happily rendered by his "charm of rhetoric," as when "the fistic duel between two combatants in Jersey City" reminds him so inevitably of "another encounter on the heights of Weehawken more than a century ago"; but it does not serve greatly to illuminate his subject.

Mr. Beck's analysis of the situation finds that "the great evil of the world today is this aversion to work." The penetrating quality of his logic is illustrated by the sentences which follow.

> As the mechanical era diminished the element of physical exertion in work, we would have supposed that

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> man would have sought expression for his physical faculties in other ways. On the contrary, the whole history of the mechanical era is a persistent struggle for more pay and shorter hours, and today it has culminated in world-wide ruin.

It would seem superfluous to point out to Mr. Beck that it is the very effort of the working man to share in the results of mechanical progress and gain opportunity for "the expression of his physical faculties in other ways," that has led to the struggle for more pay and shorter hours.

Next to this aversion to "work for work's sake" (which, to Mr. Beck's mind, is the "most glorious privilege of human faculties,") as a cause of lawlessness is the organization of society for production in quantity, the consequent "submergence of the individual into a group or class," and the substitution for individual morality of mass morality which "intensifies the vices more than the virtues of man." To combat the evils of this mass formation of society, Mr. Beck summons his colleagues to defend the spirit of individualism. His formula for dealing with the problem of individual freedom in industry is a nobly comprehensive one:

> We must defend the right to work against those who would destroy or degrade it. We must defend the right of every man not only to join with others in protecting his interests whether he is a brain worker or a hand worker—but we must vindicate the equal right of an individual, if he so wills, to depend upon his own strength.

And yet in all this discussion we find something lacking to the immediate purpose of checking the spirit of lawlessness. It is, we are inclined to think, the result of a fallacy which appears once and again in Mr. Beck's logic, and which used to be called the fallacy of the undistributed middle. This leads to an uncertainty in Mr. Beck's conclusions, a failure to draw them boldly or to apply them ruthlessly. For example, Mr. Beck makes his peroration a generous and eloquent tribute to the Constitution of the United States. "About the individual," he assures us, "the Constitution draws the solemn circle of its protection. It defends the integrity of the human soul." So we had always believed, but in the recent tension between individual morality and mass morality in this country as the result of the war, we remember Mr. Beck as one of the most ardent supporters of the latter. One of the outstanding causes of lawlessness involved in mass or herd morality is obviously the failure of duly instituted authorities to enforce the legal safeguards of the individual against mass movements. The withdrawal of the civil liberties granted to the individual by the Bill of Rights, the excessive zeal of judges, profiteering in public opinion at the expense of unfortunate individualists, and the cowardice of lawyers who often refused to plead in unpopular cases might, we should think, have appealed to Mr. Beck as a subject of indignant rebuke to his colleagues and brethren at this time.

Of even more immediate concern in this development of herd morality, is the tendency of self-constituted bodies of partisans to act beyond the law in what they conceive to be matters of public welfare, or to outstrip the duly constituted officers in its enforcement. We should think that the failure of the law to punish these encroachments, of which there have been many, from the famous Bisbee deportations to the recent acts of violence of the American Legion, would interest the American Bar, but of this there is no hint in Mr. Beck's oration. Indeed he extends his approbation to such extra-legal bodies in other countries in terms which show that he is not entirely out of sympathy with the American Legion itself.

> The government of Italy has been preserved from overthrow, not alone by its constituted authorities, but by a band of resolute men, called 'fascisti,' *who have taken the law into their own hands* [Italics ours], as did the vigilance committees in western mining camps, to put down worse disorders.

Still nearer to the hearts of those concerned so intimately with the administration and practice of law as members of the American Bar Association, should be, we venture to think, the cases of men who have been objects of persecution by legal authorities in the name of the law itself. Surely nothing can bring the law into such deserved contempt and so spread abroad the spirit of lawlessness as the spectacle of unfairness, cruelty, and betrayal apparent in such cases as that of Salsedo in New York and of Mooney in California. The former came to violent death while in custody of lawful authorities, acting without legal warrant; and the latter is in prison under conviction by testimony proved to have been in part procured by lawful authorities by the method known as subornation of perjury. It may be said that these cases are local, beneath the consideration of a national body like the American Bar Association. But it cannot be unknown to members of that body that every state has its Salsedos and Mooneys. In every large city the police proceedings reveal almost daily the application of third degree methods by which the obscure suspect is made a victim of the law which exists for his defence. We can conceive no worthier business of a great convention of

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lawyers than the consideration of problems offered by the administration of law in which lawful authority tends to become an instrument of injustice; and no more salutary exercise of Mr. Beck's eloquence than the quickening of the legal conscience in this matter. And so it is with sincere gratitude to Mr. Beck for the entertainment which his breadth of historical knowledge and charm of rhetoric have so happily blended to afford us, that we regretfully look upon his masterpiece as an occasion thwarted and an opportunity missed.

American Labor Meets Again

WHETHER correctly or not, official meetings of the American Federation of Labor are by many people considered events of first-rate public importance. These same people have, somehow, come to look to the officers of the A. F. of L. for well-conceived and profound pronouncements bearing on the state of the nation in matters affecting the interests of labor. Invariably, however, it has been the fate of those who placed their faith in the A. F. of L. to experience disappointment with the results. Now, only a short while after the Denver convention, the labor leaders have met again. And again the results are disappointing. Not that the executive council failed to discuss interesting matters. The problems touched ran all the way from disarmament to public-school texts, from workmen's compensation laws to the salaries of railroad executives. But, at the same time, it is impossible to read the reports of the deliberations without a sense of their irrelevance and impotence.

In large measure this is due to an air of indecision and uncertainty which has more recently surrounded the official deliberations and acts of the Federation. While Mr. Gompers and his associates shout defiance and hurl threats in terms that alarm the New York Times, careful reading of the decisions of the executive council leads inevitably to the conviction that neither the Times nor anyone else need be disturbed by such a labor program. On two such important questions as the equal admission of women and the problems confronting railroad labor, the council, even if it knew its own mind, got nowhere. To the women it replied that it had no power to urge equality of treatment for women in the international unions. Public ownership and democratic control of the railroads it dismissed with no definite action; but it pledged itself to aid the railroad brotherhoods in resisting wage reductions and it gave vague notice of embarking on a crusade to reduce the salaries of railroad executives. As if even a 75 per cent reduction in the salaries of railroad executives was a matter of grave consequence to anyone but the executives themselves. The feeling that the present program of the A. F. of L. lacks vigor, courage, and precision seems, indeed, to have penetrated the executive council itself. For Mr. Daniel J. Tobin, in resigning the office of treasurer, is reported by the New York World as protesting that there has been "too much kow-towing to an Administration that is unfriendly to Labor."

But aside from this and other similar evidence of inertia, the present officials of the Federation seem unable to choose with discrimination the issues for which the organized labor movement can afford to stand courageously and unequivocally. In this country, as in England, the past two years have been marked by the resolution of forces that are destined to affect profoundly the future course of industrial relations. These forces are clear and well-defined and no group of labor leaders worthy of the name should have any difficulty in grasping their significance and in shaping a program competent to deal with them.

In little more than a year the American railroads have passed from public to private control. The change is not being accomplished without friction. The railroad workers resent the loss of advantages they gained under the Railroad Administration. The status of the Railroad Labor Board is in process of definition. The Administration in Washington is engaged in determining the limits and conditions of public control. In each of these questions organized labor has a direct and immediate concern. The terms of a refunding bill are of as direct an interest to organized labor as a decision of the Railroad Labor Board. Why is it not the duty of the spokesmen of American labor to draft the terms of an exhaustive railroad policy and to lay it before the country with their endorsement?

Within even a shorter period the building industry has experienced a veritable upheaval. The conditions uncovered in the Untermeyer investigation are still fresh in the minds of everyone. At the present time the hearings before Judge Landis in Chicago are revealing the existence in that city of corruption and gross mismanagement, not different from that which flourished in New York under Brindell. The twenty-five or more unions in the building trades are all affiliated with the A. F. of L. Considerations of public policy would seem to dictate public discussion of the conditions in the building trades and the attempt at least to point the way to reform. So far nothing so ambitious has come from the leaders.

Again, this post-war period has witnessed the

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growth of legislative and judicial attitudes toward trade unions which, if they continue in their present course, promise to undermine the more important legal sanctions of organized labor, won only by years of bitter and relentless struggle. If trade unions are to develop their functions peacefully in this country, the terms of their legal existence require prompt and unmistakable redefinition. The phenomenon of the gigantic British coal strike, conducted almost without violence and loss of life, would, in the present uncertain state of American trade union law, have been impossible in this country. Certainly this condition and its significance must be entirely clear to those to whom organized labor has entrusted its leadership. Mere denunciation of the courts will under present conditions not suffice. Only through careful analysis of the problem and a comprehensive legislative program can any progress be made. And such a program, if it will do nothing else, may at least keep labor from falling into a second trap like the Clayton act.

The climax in the denial of simple civil rights to trade unions and workers appears, of course, in its purest form in the present state of affairs in West Virginia. The conditions which make for civil war in a country so orderly and so jealous of private rights are not new. Nor need we have recourse to history for precedents. The Interchurch World Report on the Steel Strike revealed a similar private control of public functions in the steel districts. As late as last June a strike of textile workers began in the southern textile areas. The strike has dragged on for months. Troops were brought to the seat of the strike. According to late accounts, the strike has been crushed. Practices such as these, it would seem, strike at the very roots of trade unionism. To the lay spectator, the West Virginia situation alone appears of sufficient moment to warrant the assembly in extraordinary session of a trade union congress. But, perhaps, this is needless alarm.

One or two other issues of almost the same importance can easily be described. On all of them the Federation has failed to make clear-cut statements of fact and of policy. Although no one expects such statements to bring immediate relief, it is not too much to ask the leaders of a popular movement, representing directly almost 5,000,000 people, to explain from time to time the platform on which they stand. If they fail to do so, insurgents in the labor movement may well be pardoned for insisting that Mr. Gompers is wasting a lot of his time and energy on sovietism when he might more profitably concern himself with more pressing issues that lie nearer home.

The Russian Famine and Mr. Hoover

A MORE terrible story of suffering than the accounts in the Times by Messrs. Walter Duranty and Floyd Gibbons of famine stricken Russia it would be difficult to imagine. Of Samara Mr. Duranty writes:

> One family typifies all—the tall, gaunt father, with a blonde beard and his face blackened with dust, listlessly fixing up a tent to whose pole the frame of a horse is tethered motionless. Within is the mother on a shapeless bundle of rags, and in her arms a wailing baby. She scarcely attempts to soothe the child, and it is only her hollow eyes that tell she is living. Outside, a small boy in a ragged shirt is picking over a heap of melon peelings to find something edible. By him a child of three or four lies half naked beside the dead body of a kitten, upon which its eyes are fixed sorrowfully but tearless. Round these eyes so blue and sad, fat black flies are crawling. The child does not even raise a hand to brush them away.
>
> There was no complaint, no cries for help, just piteous repetition: "Help will come too late. We all must die."

Equally heartrending is Mr. Gibbons's picture of the inhabitants of a village on the Volga.

> There was a heavy silence over all as we stepped among them.
>
> "Tavarish, do you bring food? We starve."
>
> This was spoken in soft, even, unexcited tones by a tall peasant with a black beard, who preceded his question by making a sign of the cross twice and folding his arms across his chest. The eyes of the people behind him were fastened on the face of the Governor's Secretary as he answered:
>
> "Comrades, I bring no food because there is no food, and in Samara there are many as you and I."
>
> "Come you, then, to take us away from this sand pit, where we are dying hourly?"
>
> "Nor that, my comrades, because even here you are better than in the city, where thousands are gathered and where the air is heavy with death from pestilence. You have no bread here, and neither have they there, but neither have they clean air, trees and the water of your riverside."
>
> Hope died in their eyes, like the shadows which come when the clouds pass before the sun.

In the face of such suffering there is only one thing to do—to help. And with America ready to help, those who should take the lead in the matter hesitate, dispute and delay.

We have expressed our belief that in this matter of foreign relief the American people as a whole have committed conscience and purse to Mr. Hoover's keeping. But Mr. Hoover's leadership in this matter is subject to limitations which only

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he can remove. Naturally those who most sympathize with Russia and are most inclined to help her, resent Mr. Hoover's refusal of assistance in the past. It is for Mr. Hoover himself by a frank statement of his change of position to convert his previous attitude into a source of strength rather than weakness. Again, Mr. Hoover's exploits as food dictator in Europe particularly in Hungary, as related by his campaign biographer and his agent Captain Gregory, have aroused suspicion and anger and contempt. Here again it is possible for Mr. Hoover by a frank statement to disarm much of this feeling. We are informed that both Captain Gregory and Miss Rose Wilder Lane have grossly exaggerated the political importance of Mr. Hoover's action. Undoubtedly to the mass of Americans the course ascribed to him in his capacity of relief agent of fighting and betraying a revolutionary government and leaving its territory open to invasion and spoliation, is an altogether commendable exercise of power and guile—but we submit that in this crisis it behooves Mr. Hoover to strip himself of such of his plumes as are borrowed, and deny as much as he can of what the London Herald calls "a despicable story of bounce and brag."

Finally, there is Mr. Hoover's spirit of autocracy and dictatorship as expressed in his letter from President Harding, according to which all American relief was to be concentrated under his direction, and even the American Friends who have borne the burden and heat of the day were to lose the autonomy of their distribution work in Russia. We believe heartily in unity of relief work. The obvious economy in collection, purchasing, transportation and distribution possible under a unified scheme is too obvious to need exposition. But such unity must be achieved by tact and cooperation, not by dictation and a club. With all of Mr. Hoover's flexibility and address, which we hope will be exerted to the utmost, there are many sources of contribution which he cannot reach, which have already found an absolutely trustworthy channel through the Friends. To limit or hamper their work in any way would be incredibly shortsighted. The one thing to be feared is that the duty which rests upon America will be refused, and the opportunity which is before her will be frittered away in idle dispute. Months have already passed since the famine in Russia became acute, and apart from some appropriation of funds and of supplies already in hand America has done nothing. And America will do but little in comparison with her great resources until Mr. Hoover speaks.

Free Silence

MOST people, at least nominally, believe in free speech. They think it has a direct connection with freedom of thought and that freedom of thought is one of the most priceless heritages of the mass of mankind. The extent, however, to which free speech—what professors now call "the language habit"—is utterly disconnected with thought and misleading in every intellectual particular has not been sufficiently scrutinized. It would be extreme and hot-headed to say that the language habit should be completely suppressed. It would also, at least temporarily, be inconvenient. But the sooner people face the fact that the language habit is very dangerous, and that we are all victims of it, the better it will be for the few of us who are the possessors of the real reality and the true truth.

Do human beings think? Ribald cries of "No," "Absurd," "Remove him," "Sit down," usually greet any such inquiry. As a matter of fact, it is one of those large questions to which everybody possesses a secret answer. Everybody believes that he himself thinks, thinks quite acutely and very much to the point; but he is in a state of mind shading from mild doubt to positive conviction regarding the thinking powers of his family, his servants if he has any, his colleagues, allies and associates, his friends, his immediate public, and then that poor dog on which everybody whets his humor or his spleen, "the mass of mankind."

The m. of m., we all may as well agree, do not think. Abraham Lincoln thought they thought; at least he thought you couldn't sell the Versailles Treaty to all of them all of the time. But the current correct intellectual view of the mass of mankind is best indicated with a little shrug of the shoulders. "The mass of mankind," as Matthew Arnold expressed it with his characteristic air of regretfully passing a sentence of Guilty, "the mass of mankind will never have any ardent zeal for seeing things as they are; very inadequate ideas will always satisfy them." Not regarding life as an exercise in political science and consequently giving most of their time to feeding their unattractive faces, the mass of mankind haven't the chance to see "things as they are," viz., as the best people think they are. So, having no ardent zeal for seeing things as they are, the mass of mankind according to Arnold's concept are patriotic when they are told, and take conscription when they are told, and hustle over to France when they are told, and die in the trenches and in the hospitals and in the Ford ambulances and on the ships and in the straw

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of stables and mud and manure of outhouses. They haven't any ardent zeal for political science but they swallow the current high-grade propaganda.

Having no time to spare for political, social or economic research, they even believe the information about pirate ships that the State Department picks up out of bottles and hands to the press. It is sad that they should be so gullible, the mass of mankind, but, as Matthew Arnold decided it once and for all, "very inadequate ideas will always satisfy them." And the main political question is, who'll get the four year contract for supplying them with inadequate ideas?

But do the intelligentzia think? Mr. Moissaye J. Olgin's account of the Russian intelligentzia is sound evidence on this point. Until the "people" got into power in Russia, the intelligentzia cherished an ideal of social justice, they worshipped at the shrine of the "people." With the people in power, "rude people, workmen with heavy fists and crude speech, peasants like clods of earth, soldiers savage with passion, an uncouth, unmannered, almost illiterate crowd," the intelligentzia were nobody and nowhere. Hence the people became the peepul and the intelligentzia soon "put up a solid front against the new order." "Under the provisional government the power was in the hands of the intelligentzia which *represented* the various groups and classes, whereas under the Soviet system the mass were in actual possession of power. 'Democracy' vs. Soviet rule meant supremacy of the organized workers and soldiers and peasants. The intelligentzia could not go against their own class interests. This accounts for their hatred, for the cry of intervention, for Merezhkovsky and Filosofov and Gippius, leaders of the intelligentzia par excellence, helping the Polish army against Russia."

As the servants of their own class interests the intelligentzia cannot be accused of disinterested or rarified thought. Who, then, does think? Do army men think, or bankers, or clergy, or endowed professors, or endowed editors, or big-circulation editors not endowed and free to give the public what it wants? Do engineers think ? Do manufacturers think? Do Chambers of Cemmerce think? Or women's clubs? Or the Elks? Or the Ku Klux Klan? As one looks over the list, the possibilities of human thought visibly narrow down, and it becomes definite and certain that the only people who think are those two admirable stand-bys—you and I.

To strengthen this important conclusion we may take Bertrand Russell's recent version of the behaviorists. "In their observation of the behavior of human things," he says, "they have not so far found any evidence of thought. True, we talk a great deal, and imagine that in so doing we are showing that we think; but behaviorists say that the talk they have to listen to can be explained without supposing that people think. Where you might expect a chapter on 'thought processes' you come instead upon a chapter on 'The Language Habit.' It is humiliating to find how terribly adequate this hypothesis turns out to be."

This throws a new, and we hope illuminating, light on the most popular of human habits. Many have long suspected that between the use of language and the use of the mind there was, as yet, no clearly established connection. But few had ever, even in the case of certain editorial writers, gone so far as to believe that human utterance, especially political utterance, could be wholly explained without bringing in the question of thought at all. It is not yet clear, of course, how, if thinking cannot be proved by the behavioristic method, we can be sure that the behaviorists are themselves thinking. How do we know that *their* processes are thought processes? And if their processes are not thought processes, if it in turn is simply an indulgence in the language habit, must we take it seriously?

We confess we don't know. But, surrounded by the ignorant mass of mankind, the befuddled intelligentzia, the tired and tiresome business man, and the dog-fancying behaviorist, we feel that the language habit is proved to be manifestly dangerous. Perhaps a federal amendment might be attempted prohibiting it, except in case of sickness and on medical prescription.

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Dante's Political Philosophy

DANTE'S De Monarchia is usually treated by the commentators as a mere footnote to the Commedia; and this subordination is justifiable because the poet in Dante overwhelms all other expressions of his genius and also because the Commedia contains much political philosophy, some of which the De Monarchia elucidates. But De Monarchia, considered by itself, is a work of great importance. Even if by some unthinkable accident the Commedia had been lost and the De Monarchia had survived, it would remain a significant treatise on the state and the papacy and would deserve to be regarded as we regard the political writings of philosophers from Plato to Hobbes. To be sure, the chief interest of the work for us lies in the fact that Dante wrote it, and it would lose some of its value if it were isolated from the rest of his thought; the amazing unity of his mind and the coherence of his purpose make a piecemeal view of any part of him essentially false. His vision of earth and heaven has a thousand aspects but no fragments. Even the unfinished works, Il Convivio and De Vulgari Eloquentia, are not fragments but are rather to be read as partial manifestations of a singular and consistent plan.

De Monarchia is a vision of earthly well-being. It is an argument, prosaic and heavy in the English translations and very difficult in the original, I should suppose, even to an excellent Latin scholar. But the argument embodies a dream of the greatest of dreamers. The first part sets forth the necessity of empire. Only under a single world-governing monarch are possible the solidarity of mankind and the fullest possible development of the human spirit. In unity man can find peace and justice. Man is made in the image of God, and God is one; wherefore Man in imitation of God must make the secular world conform to the universe and set up a unique earthly dominion. In the nature of things empire is divinely ordained, and this is further proved by the fact that Christ willed to be born under the Emperor Augustus.

The second part seeks to show that the Roman empire was appointed by God to rule the world. It was established by the aid of miracles, which confirm it as especially created by the will of God. Christ died under the empire; if the empire had not been the rightful temporal authority, Christ would have been punished by the agent of an unjust power, his suffering would have been unlawful and therefore the sin of Adam would not have been duly expiated. Rome was born to command, because it did, in point of fact, conquer the world, and also because the histories of its many heroes and patriots show that the Roman citizen loved right and justice.

The third part is an argument for the separation of church and state, which are independent authorities both deriving directly from God. Many false arguments for the temporal power of the church are refuted. Though the emperor, as a man, is the first son of the church and should obey it like other Christians, yet as emperor he owes allegiance only to God, whom he represents on earth in temporal matters as the pope represents God in spiritual matters. The very nature of the church, its essential spiritual function, forbids it the possession of temporal power.

Have we here, then, nothing but a defence of an empire that has been dust these many centuries, and stale scholastic arguments for the separation of church and state, a long settled question in theoretic politics and practically settled in most countries? There is much more than that in De Monarchia even for the most confident modern democrat, who may regard emperor and pope as twin tyrants and for whom the word "mediaeval" has derogatory connotations. It is true that the empire under which Dante actually lived is dead as the empire of the Caesars and that the empire of Dante's dream was never realized in the workaday world. As a political pamphlet De Monarchia is obsolete without even the persistent contemporaneity of some eighteenth century tracts. In a sense Dante's treatise died at birth. Bryce, who gives an excellent summary of it in his Holy Roman Empire, shows that this plea for empire, conceived by the supreme mind of the age, was the epitaph of the existing empire. It was, indeed, a swan-song, not of the author, who was still to take us to Paradise and put his dream in lovelier form, but of empire in the Catholic Christian sense of "holy." The empire that persisted after the thirteenth century grew further and further away not only from a poet's dream but from any practical possibility of united political authority. The solidarity of mankind was not to be achieved through Rome or Christ, and Dante was not, as he thought, announcing a new era, but summing up a passing era.

But the truth of a dream inheres in the dream itself and is measured only in a secondary way by the course of events. De Monarchia has for us at

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least the value of a pacifist tract, the noble core of which is not obscured by the strangeness of some of the reasoning or by the destruction of Dante's political milieu. Like some other pacifist documents it is the work of an aggressive militant mind. Dante had lived and suffered in a world continuously at war. The contesting powers, great and small, were so complicated that the historian has difficulty in keeping them clear. To the major quarrels between church and state and the strife of the city-republics with one or the other or both were added an internal warfare between economic classes and feuds between castes and families, all hopelessly intricate.

In this bloody confusion Dante had played the part not of closet philosopher au-dessus de la mêlée, but of soldier and civil official. And to the last he was temperamentally a fighter, though forced by circumstances to drop the sword for the pen. He was not in the eyes of his contemporaries what he has become for us, the supreme solitary genius exiled by an ungrateful city, but was simply one of a thousand members of a beaten party. He was not a pathetic unappreciated poet but a pertinacious partisan who happened to be on the losing side. He knew war and misery and defeat. Yet his plea for peace is by no means that of a weary belligerent; it is that of a bellicose champion of certain principles. And so, though those principles do not appeal to us and though the expression of them is laborious, even turgid, De Monarchia is still hot with conviction.

The instrument of peace was the one form of government that Dante knew, the empire. Even if his genius had taken the form of vaticination (he was indeed, as it turned out, a poor prophet), he naturally could not in his time have made himself familiar with leagues of nations and Wellsian "world-states." He had to ride on a horse, not in a motor-car. And he rode, as a worldly rider, to a fall. The tragedy of the fall has in it a large element of dramatic irony because he was so splendidly sure of his ideas at exactly the moment when they were least secure.

Dante's conception of an ideal empire had nothing in common with what we now call imperialism, which is mere commercial conquest and can be led by Kaiser or democratic prime minister with equally disastrous results. Dante believed in an imperial headship for the good of all humanity. The ruler of the world was to be the servant of the world, not its master and exploiter; a supreme monarch was to be protected by his lonely authority from the temptations that beset a weak man clothed with limited and contentious authority; aloof from strife and cupidity, having all and so being beyond pride and ambition, he could be a disinterested and just administrator.

The aim of empire is universal peace—Dante begins his argument almost in the terms of Burke and with something like Burke's combination of generosity and elaborate futility—peace, "the best of those things that are ordained for our beatitude." For on peace depends the destiny of mankind to realize the full power of the human mind in thought and deed. Dante's world state is Utopia, compounded, as all Utopias must be, of wisdom and utter impossibilities, of sublime faith and facts half-understood. While he dreamed he did not believe himself a dreamer, any more than did Shelley. He believed intensely in the practical value of his vision, in its originality and its finality as a solution of the problems of the political world. He says that knowledge of monarchy has been shunned because it has no direct relation to profit, and that he will be the first to bring it from obscurity to light for the good of the world and for his own glory. The humble servant and the arrogant doctor at the bedside of the patient! It is one of the most consistent contradictions of proud souls. The reformer has found a new and sure cure and cries "Eureka."

In spite of the practical failure of his dream, which in a sense defeats him, I do not believe that Dante's pell-mell acceptance of all stories about the greatness of Rome, with no apparent discrimination, is proof that he did not know what he was about. He was making a special plea and he pillaged history and legend to get material for the purposes of his argument. He is a dialectician animated, like all reformers, by unselfish motives, but willing to score a point if he can. Yet we can be fairly sure that Dante was not a credulous person with a childish view of history, but a sophisticated controversialist handling his evidence for effect. Though he mingles fact and fiction and though his documentary resources were more limited than ours, yet he knew perfectly what he was trying to do, and modern attempts to gloss him in a patronizing and apologetic manner are generally mistaken.

There is a grim humor in the fate that overtakes the works of wise men. The treatise which Dante believed would bring peace to a vexed world became a matter of strife. Later Ghibellines used his argument, unfairly, of course, to support the supremacy of the empire over the church, and ecclesiastical authority retorted by condemning the book and even threatening the repose of Dante's bones. A somewhat similar quarrel arose over Hobbes's Leviathan three centuries later. Seeking to unite all men, the political philosopher is at-

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tacked from both sides, and if he lives he finds that he has poured oil not on troubled waters but on a fire.

Though De Monarchia is much more than a foot-note to the Commedia and is worth study for its own sake, yet the unity which it seeks in the world is closely allied to the unity of Dante's celestial vision by which he tried to lead mankind to God. Mankind refused to be cured of its political pains by De Monarchia and even ignored it in spite of Dante's secure and growing fame (there was no English translation until the late nineteenth century). But mankind also never accepted and never will accept the supreme vision of the Commedia. It is a beautiful poem enjoyed by the literary, and even in Italy it is valued, quite properly, as a mere work of art. The world has never paid much attention to Dante's declared purpose to bring mankind through art to God. So that in one way of regarding him, which may perhaps be his way, he failed in the Commedia as he did in De Monarchia. The world of thinking and acting men, whose salvation Dante believed he could work by verse and prose, remains disunited and contentious, weaponed with such bitterness of heart and methods of destruction as the dreamer of the Inferno never dreamed. JOHN MACY.

The English Government: Its Weaknesses and Strength

THE outsider, by which I mean anyone in this country who is not in Parliament, may be pardoned for wondering how the coalition government continues to exist at all. By all the rules of logic and reason it ought to be in a state of dissolution. It sustains shock after shock in the by-elections, throws itself over with the suppleness of the boneless man and almost diets itself on its own promises and pledges. But it escapes, indeed it seems in little danger of, the knockout blow. The telegrams told us that when Dempsey, watching the post-bellum film, noted the impression made on his entourage by the blow with which Carpentier sought to win victory in the second round, he intervened hastily with "Honest, fellows, it only shook me." After every fresh humiliation or volte face, in spite of the assertions of newspapers of all shades that the government is breaking or already broken, it is still there, functioning regularly, with Mr. Lloyd George looking round and insisting "Honest, fellows, it's only shaken us." Lord Northcliffe is described as having said to the interviewers in New York that if Mr. Lloyd George and Lord Curzon go to the Washington conferences on disarmament and the Pacific, they will go as discredited men, unrepresentative of the British people. It is, on the contrary, the opinion of most dispassionate observers that although Mr. George's overwhelming power in Parliament is disproportionate to his government's strength in the country and although powerful currents are running against him, he would nevertheless be returned to office tomorrow at a general election, although with a much smaller majority than is now at his command.

It is easy to overestimate the weakness of the government by concentrating on its failures and forgetting its one asset—Mr. George. Its errors of omission and of commission cry to Heaven. It arrived in office in 1918 with a social program which it is now scrapping with brazen industry. Its enemies say that it obtained office "on the strength" of its promises of a social millennium. But that is simple nonsense. What carried it to power was Mr. George's personality, but as he chose to fight the campaign largely on his social program, it is fair enough to judge him by performance. The performance is very much to seek. The government, just like so many individuals, speculated on the indefinite continuance of the boom in trade, high prices, high profits and an overflowing revenue. It embarked on admirable but costly schemes of social reconstruction. When it became apparent that the collapse had come and that revenue would slump with it, when an electorate suffering from falling wages and growing unemployment began to cry out against oppressive taxation and official extravagance, the government was seized with panic and a furious, Celtic urge for economy was felt. Whatever else is true or untrue of Mr. George, he is impetuous, headlong, fitful. According to Colonel Repington, the equal dispenser of strategy and gossip, Mr. George once complained of Lord Northcliffe, that he was like a flea, so that you never knew where you had him. Possibly Lord Northcliffe's sense of the outrage involved in such a charge being made by Mr. George, of all people in the world, accounts for some of the bitterness between the two men. He is a clever man who knows where Mr. George will be, politically speaking, about this time tomorrow.

When the government found that the control of the mining industry, instead of showing a large profit, was involving the state in a loss of some £5,000,000 a month, it decided on decontrol forthwith and threw the industry back to the owners, telling them to put it on an economic basis, or in other words to fight out the necessary reduction of

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wages with the men. Certainly, decontrol had to come unless the state was, as the men desired, to undertake permanent responsibility for the mines, but it was not statesmanship to overthrow suddenly and with the barest notice the system under which the industry had been conducted for several years. Nor, as the event proved, did it pay. For in meeting the emergency caused by the strike the state was involved in heavy expenditure and at the finish the government only made a settlement possible by coming in with a subsidy of £10,000,000.

A much more glaring instance of government mismanagement is the decision to repeal last year's Agricultural act. Put briefly, the government, by guaranteeing minimum prices for wheat and oats, has let itself in for a very heavy liability in years of low prices and it is said that the subsidy required this year might be anything from thirty to forty millions. So the subsidy is to stop, the act is to be repealed. "Well," the apologist of the government may say, "what would you have? The money is simply not available. You are all crying out that expenditure must come down, that subsidies must cease, that industry must stand on its own bottom. What, then, can the government do but stop these huge subsidies? True, this means reversing its own policies, but to do so, in so far as it is not sheer necessity, is a sign of decision and courage." There is a certain element of truth in this which ought to be admitted. But it is only part of the truth and when the rest is stated the government cuts a sorry figure. It was only in December last that the Minister for Agriculture, insisting on the necessity of the measure now to be repealed, declared that the farmer must have security and therefore that under no circumstances would the guarantee given him be withdrawn without four years' notice. No government can make solemn affirmations of that kind, which lead an industry to take action in faith that they will be fulfilled, and then ruthlessly scrap them at a few weeks' notice without suffering grave moral discredit. The government retort blandly that they sincerely meant their promises at the time, but that they could not foresee the danger of the financial situation that was so soon to arise. But it is the duty of governments, if not to foresee, at least not to be blind, and the principal charge against Mr. George's Ministry is that it plunged into all sorts of ambitious and costly schemes without the slightest attempt to investigate the permanency of the financial and economic conditions on which alone they could rest.

The worst feature of the government's agricultural policy, however, is not the abolition of the subsidy, although incidentally that destroys all the pretty schemes for making this country grow its own wheat and oats as a security against another war and another submarine campaign. (There is no evidence, in fact, that the guaranteed prices have much increased the area under wheat and oats, but it has always been the government thesis that they must do so). A much sadder thing is the coming abolition of the Wages Boards which have administered for the agricultural laborer the minimum wage that the government established when first the guaranteed prices were established. This is the sop to compensate the farmers for the loss of their guaranteed prices. And, as most of the farmers hate and detest the Wages Boards more than anything else in the world, the offer of the sop explains why they have on the whole complained so little of the new official policy. Men who have served on the county Wages Boards prophesied, as soon as the intentions of the government were known, that this would be so. The farmer, they said, will be delighted to be left face to face once more with his laborer; he will recoup himself for the fall in prices by getting wages down heavily, although even now agricultural wages are barely at the subsistence level. It is mainly through the Wages Boards that they have been raised from the prewar level of seventeen or eighteen shillings to the present forty-six, which after all is little increase in real values. The unfortunate laborer has only two hopes. The Wages Boards are to be followed by voluntary tribunals—there is little comfort in that—and the laborer is a good deal better organized than he used to be. His trade unions now include nearly 400,000 members, so that he may in some areas be able to obtain a measure of justice by organized bargaining and the threat of strikes. The action of the government is the more iniquitous in that the guarantees to the farmer covered only wheat and oats, but the beggarly wages of the laborer will be imperilled over the whole of agriculture, of which wheat and oats are only a small part. It is hard to forgive the government this retrograde policy. They will pay for it in the counties, which will be turned against them. That they are willing to incur the penalty is, some say, a measure of their courage. It is much more a measure of the power of the Tory, landed element within the coalition of which a Liberal Premier is the head.

As with agriculture so with housing. The housing shortage was one of the main themes of the 1918 election campaign; the housing program was one of the shining ornaments of the coalition shop-window. Now government assistance is ruth-

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lessly curtailed and only a small proportion of the houses that are so urgently needed are likely to be built at all. Necessity knows no law, say the government. Quite so, but what sort of a government are they that in the principal department of social reconstruction embark on all sorts of laudable and expensive projects, and so lead private persons to commit themselves, without considering and estimating with some accuracy the stability of the finance on which they build? Not that this troubles our nimble Premier. It was Dr. Addison who had charge of the government's housing policy. But when, offended by the government's change of face, he resigned his position in the Ministry, Mr. George promptly wrote to him a curt note about "your" housing policy and contrasted it with the more "businesslike" plans now in operation. The extravagant plans of a year ago, of course, are Dr. Addison's, the "businesslike" ones of the present are Mr. George's—unless they become unpopular, when Sir Alfred Mond, the new Minister of Health, will get the credit for them. Not for nothing has Mr. George observed the methods of the "stunt" press. He too believes profoundly in the shortness of the public memory.

Mr. George lives always in the present. He has no regard for the past and seldom peers far into the future, so that among all sections of politics "opportunism" is a hard-worked word. When the anti-waste Unionists revolted against the maintenance of Dr. Addison as Minister without portfolio, it was intimated that the Premier would come down to the House in person. He would face the malcontents and "larn" them to rebel. He came, he faced them—and he announced that Dr. Addison would receive three months' notice of dismissal. Not that this was in any way connected with the insurgents' round robin. Absurd idea! It was because Dr. Addison's assistance had been needed in grave, critical times and the times were just now becoming less grave and critical (with Ireland, Anglo-French crisis, disarmament and Pacific conferences, Japanese treaty, and the like to face!). Dr. Addison, in fact, was not thrown to the wolves; all that happened was that his master found he could do without him just as the wolves came round the corner, so he bade him get out and walk.

Two other curious instances. The salary of an M. P. is £400 a year, on which he has hitherto paid income tax. As an income this is inadequate, but in these days of anti-waste campaigns both Ministry and House of Commons shrink from increasing it. But the law officers of the Crown suddenly discovered that an M. P's expenses may legitimately be reckoned against his income, so that the poorer of them will now pay no tax at all. A happy issue, relieving the poor M. P., endearing the government to his grateful heart, and throwing no odium on Parliament or Ministry, since it seems that this is the ordinary law, and always was, although no one suspected it till a few weeks ago. This is not the only legal surprise that the government have lately given us. The other day it was discovered that it would not be possible to arrange a new Japanese treaty quickly in view of the opposition of Canada and South Africa, and yet, according to the Attorney-General and the Solicitor-General, the existing treaty had been denounced, in effect, last year. It looked as though the treaty would lapse unceremoniously and leave a void. Then, at the last hour, the Lord High Chancellor came on the scene. He announced that the subordinate law officers were wrong; the treaty had not been denounced; it would not lapse. What nonsense it is to talk of the age of discovery and invention as coming to an end! In British politics, with Mr. George in power, each day is an adventure.

The truth is that though one may construct columns of reasons why he should fall or is falling, he does not fall because he has no rival. The schemes for fusion of the Tory and Liberal parties make no progress. The plan, which we must suppose him still to cherish, of carrying the bulk of the Liberal party over to the Tory side does not commend itself to the bulk of the Liberals in the country. They are too much attached to Liberalism, too much offended by his policy, until the last few weeks, with respect to Ireland, by his disloyalty to Free Trade, by his levity and inconsistency. At the moment it looks as though Lord Derby's policy were most likely to prevail. Lord Derby is not for coalition, but for the governing of England by a democratic Tory party, led by Mr. George and reinforced by any "moderates," Liberal or Labor, who care to join it. But it is to be a Tory party; that is the sine qua non. Of course, there are many currents of discontent against the government, some of them quite powerful if there were a real leader to give them expression—a "fighting" politician, a "demagogue" in the good, liberal sense. But there is none. And it is all very well to be as gentlemanly as Carpentier, but in politics there is much to be said for Dempsey's punch.

A Liberal, however critical of Mr. George, cannot write on this subject without expressing recognition of his efforts to negotiate peace with Ireland. For three years his policy, carried on with bitterness and pugnacity, has been deplorable. But

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if now he suddenly ensues peace and appeals to all men to help the Prince of Peace, there will be many a satirical smile, but no Liberal will give him anything but help nor grudge him the credit if he achieves success. There is this to remember. No living man except Mr. George could possibly carry the Tories into a peace of reconciliation with Ireland.

AN ENGLISH LIBERAL.

The Professor on Behalf of his Profession

AT a recent meeting of the National Association of State Universities, the president of one of the leading institutions spoke upon the subject of "Academic Unrest." He did not wish, he said, to discuss present academic conditions, but merely to set them forth and to urge that it was useless to ignore them and folly to deny their significance. The Professor, said this executive, is demanding a larger share in the administration of the university. Whatever the cause, the fact was indisputable. While he did not condemn the movement, the president did compare it with that of the railway men, the miners and other classes now demanding a right to share in the management of their industries. He also reminded the labor people that the institutions they serve belong to private owners and the Professor that the university belongs to the public. In conclusion he said: "The precise status of a faculty as distinct from an executive or administrative party such as deans, presidents, and trustees will be up for discussion in the near future. The foreshadowings of such discussions are already visible."

The president has stated the elements in the Professor's case. He implies, though he does not clearly state, what the Professor holds to be true, that the "precise status of the faculty" at present is secondary to the "executive or administrative party." The Professor will argue that this status should be reversed, that the faculty of a college or university as distinct from the executive or administrative party, should be first in responsibility for and in the management of the institution.

The Professor wishes to say first for himself, that he does not propose to set up a pretence of ownership to the university, or to regard his position therein as a vested right. He thinks the layman who has been thus far in control has been too much inclined to err in this direction. The Professor views the university as belonging to the people who have provided for it and who now patronize it. Moreover, the Professor holds, the public has a right and a duty in this matter of controlling the university. The public should finally determine upon the general policies of the institution. The Professor realizes, however, that the community must select agents who will hold and administer the college and the university. It is concerning this agent, the trustee who is to serve the public by carrying out its will with reference to the university, that the Professor is raising a question. With many of the lay directors, he holds that the layman cannot, in the nature of the case, have the knowledge, the experience, and the interest which will enable him successfully to manage a university.

The Professor is well aware that he himself is now somewhat lacking in experience and in practical ability as an administrator. He must needs confess that he has given himself too exclusively to his study, his laboratory and his lecture room, that he has too much neglected the administrative office of his institution. He is convinced, however, that he is capable of learning how to conduct, through the usual officers, the business of his institution, and to do it with more of satisfaction to the owners and patrons than they have had from the administration of the layman who is now in control.

Just how clear the Professor is in his own mind, and how much he had considered it is, fortunately, made quite evident in a study published in Science, some years ago, by Dr. J. McKeen Cattell. And there is almost every reason for believing that the Professor is now far more certain that he is right than he was fifteen or twenty years ago, when the investigation was made. Dr. Cattell says: "Of the two hundred and ninety-nine replies" received from university professors of the highest standing in the natural and exact sciences, "forty-six are taken as favoring the system usual in this country, which is designated as a limited autocracy, sixty-eight as favoring a system in which the faculties have greater share in control, as at Yale and Johns Hopkins Medical School, one hundred and eighty-five as favoring a plan of representative democracy. . . . Five-sixths of those holding the most important scientific chairs at our universities believe that there should be a change in administrative methods in the direction of limiting the powers of the president and other administrative officers and making them responsible to those engaged in the work of teaching and research." Says Dr. Cattell, "This is an agreement greater than I had anticipated. When eighty-five per cent of those responsible for the conduct of a given system unite

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in holding that it should be altered, the case may be regarded as strong. Political and social changes are usually made on a much narrower majority."

Still further evidence is furnished by Dr. Cattell. This time he reports that out of seventy professors of the scientific faculties of Pennsylvania, Cornell, Johns Hopkins and Chicago Universities, "only one (an executive officer) favors the existing system, eleven favor greater faculty control, and fifty-eight a complete change which would make the administration responsible to the faculties." In this case the Professor seems to know his own mind, and many who do not accept his principle would be inclined to agree with Dr. Cattell's conclusion that such a condition indicated either reform or bankruptcy.

An important part of the Professor's preparation for his professional work has, for a generation or two past, been the training which he had had in the European university. Incidentally, he has been noticing the organization of the overseas institutions in which he had studied. This he has found so different, so much more democratic, that he is now wondering why his European colleague is so much more trusted. In Europe the Professor finds not only the instruction and research in the hands of the faculty, but the property, the endowments and the entire policy of the university. He finds there no external lay board of trustees or regents with its elaborate agency of president, chancellor, deans and administrative officials. Such administrative officers as he finds are elected by and responsible to the Professor.

When the larger responsibility for his own work is placed upon him, as it is upon his European colleague, the Professor argues that he will become a stronger and more efficient individual in the academic world and also in the world of affairs. Leading strings do not make for resourcefulness or for remarkable powers of leadership and inspiration, especially when those strings are in the hands of men who are themselves novices in the field where they pretend to lead. But the Professor would not now urge this point. He is thinking of his successors, of the numbers and the types of men who are to join his profession. He is anxious, both for the standing of his profession and the necessities of the community, that the strongest and keenest men shall follow the profession of teaching and research.

It is a matter of common knowledge that the scholastic training and the intellectual ability of the recruits in the teaching profession is much lower today than it was a few years ago. In one of the strongest of the state universities, where one hundred and fifty-five men were appointed to the teaching staff at the opening of the present school year, ninety, or fifty-nine per cent, had received only their first degree. All of these held the rank of instructor, unless, as in several cases, they held assistant professorships. Many of them had no previous teaching experience. Only eleven of the entire number, or seven per cent, had a doctor's degree. Five years ago in this institution thirty-one per cent of its recruits held the doctor's degree and only forty per cent the bachelor's degree alone.

There are, of course, many factors to be taken into account when we consider this unusual and truly alarming condition, which may be taken as fairly typical. It seems fair to the Professor, however, to suggest that his office will be much more attractive to the stronger and more able young men, if he is given more responsibility in the administration of the university, and that at the expense of the layman who is now in almost exclusive control. Men of this type needed as teachers are not attracted by the menial position now held by the Professor. For, in spite of his brave talk in the class room and his brilliant robes, flaunted on the campus occasionally, the Professor is a servant in his own house.

The university president who has furnished the text for this preachment, seems to have no doubt as to the ownership of the mines and the railways. The Professor is not willing to dogmatize on these issues, even in his class room, much less in the presence of the public. He observes, however, that the public seems determined to invade to some extent the rights of private property as represented in the forests, in mines and in transportation, and to have some say as to how those vast properties shall be administered. When the public comes to select trustees to administer its interests in these properties, the Professor is much inclined to think that it will be best for all to choose men who have been educated for and trained in the railway and the mining business rather than bankers, lawyers and other professional men, on the existing theory of university organization that only men who have not been intimately associated with it can be trusted to direct a business. To this extent, the Professor agrees with the industrial worker: The people who best know a business can best be trusted with the management of that business.

One of the problems of the university the Professor wishes to discuss briefly, because of its importance and also because of its bearing upon the question of his own responsibility for university control. This is the question of character training. It cannot be too strongly urged upon the college and university that it is their business to train an intelligent, resourceful and commanding leader-

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ship. Without this service the future of democracy is not only dubious but almost hopeless. But the Professor wishes to know how he is to train free and self-mastered men in an institution tyrannized over by officials who are not responsible to him. He remembers that the hardest slave drivers were themselves slaves into whose hands the master had given the whip. The Professor's experience with his former colleague, raised to administrative rank by an external power, holding the whip of absolute authority over him, too often makes of him either a rebel or a sycophant. In such an academic community he sees the time server, the place seeker and the flunky flourishing. In the ever growing campus mobs the same forces are working even more freely. In such an atmosphere, even if he saves his own soul, the Professor finds it impossible to train free men of high spirit who will seek heroic and sacrificial service.

The Professor holds that human nature is so constituted that it responds more willingly and generously to a trust committed than to a task imposed; that the slave system broke down because it was too wasteful; that the slave driver passed because he failed to produce in competition with the free laborer; that the wage hireling will pass in competition with the self-directing and responsible workman; and that the lay directed university with its hired professor, under the supervision of deans and presidents responsible only to the external lay board, cannot compete with the institution controlled and directed by the responsible professor.

The Professor is not compelled to rest his case upon theory or yet to resort to Europe for working and successful examples of the professionally directed university and college. There are in the United States a few colleges and universities which have in the past and do now aim chiefly at quality in their product. They have neither sought for nor admitted the crowds. They have had the courage to disregard quantity production. The position of these schools is being strongly challenged and criticized today but no one can deny their strength or the quality of their graduates when it comes to the test of leadership. Many schools with thousands of students and millions in the annual budget, may well envy the product of certain rivals which number enrollment by hundreds and compute budgets in thousands.

Again, there are many factors which account for this difference, but the Professor observes that in all these admittedly strong schools, the faculties have a place of influence not usually accorded to faculties in American institutions. In one of these strong colleges not old or wealthy, nor yet large, the Professor hears the president of the institution addressing his alumni, board and faculty in language not common, if ever before heard under like circumstances. "In my opinion," he says, "all limitations over the control of the faculty as to educational policy should be withdrawn; the trustees should not have the authority to overrule them on questions of policy."

The Professor will rest his case with its restatement in the words of a noted educator. As he began his argument by quoting the words of a university president, so he will close it. This time he will quote from a recent article by the head of our oldest and strongest university, who said recently: "The best and most useful conception of a university or college is the ancient one of a society or guild of scholars assembled together for preserving, imparting, increasing and enjoying knowledge." Of the board of trustees he said: "Its sole object is to help the society of scholars to accomplish the object for which they are brought together."

J. E. KIRKPATRICK.

Sunday in Fairtown

THE tinkly church bells ring out their Sunday morning message. Up Main Street swings old Judge Thaxter, putting his cane down firmly, Mrs. Thaxter at his side, as if leading the town to prayer.

John Upham's legs are sticking out from under his piazza where he is propping up that loose board which has been bothering so long, and William Johnson is down cellar looking for the leak that dribbled all last week.

Who follows the Thaxters to church? This is Fairtown, old New England, and here is the report of Fairtown's church and people.

The Thaxters go to the Methodist Church. It is a huge structure with grand pillars and a stately tower. It needs paint. The congregation hardly eats a hole in the seating capacity which some seventy years ago was quite taken up every Sabbath.

Mr. Young, the minister, would fain tear down the old building and put up a simpler structure. He would make of it a sort of social settlement house as well as a church. But his trustees have argued all winter and have quite determined not to do anything at all except to paint the present edifice as soon as they can raise money. This and needed repairs to the ceilings will take up as much money as a new building of the type Mr. Young has in mind.

Mr. Young has introduced a number of novelties. He preaches short sermons, and they are

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vigorous, rapid and direct. He has a fine reputation as a speaker, but it is founded, curiously enough, on his addresses in the Town Hall at civic meetings.

He has inaugurated social nights for men in the church at which not a word of religion is spoken, and the hardened sinner can come as well as Judge Thaxter. These men's nights have aroused some antagonism among church members of long standing who do not believe in turning the church open as if it were a street corner.

They need not worry. Not far from the church, also on Main Street, is Abner Coffin's store and billiard room. When the fishermen are in, the lights burn long in Abner's and he does not close up until two in the morning. The last two hours when everyone's inhibitions are low see the conversation dive into the depths and a church member, dropping in by mistake, might doubt the morality of his town. So long as Abner keeps open, the old-timers need not worry about Mr. Young's social evenings.

From Mr. Young's point of view the progress is a little disheartening. True, he creates a wholesome atmosphere and a group of men gather round a clam chowder and have a good evening. The effect is stimulating. But God knows only democracy, and the first to come are the weak-witted. Who is to say who is a town idiot and what line shall be drawn? And perhaps these characters are no more of a drawback than Eddie Cottle, who does nothing during the week, goes to church every Sunday, is a trustee, and the fastest talker and deadliest bore within twenty miles. Eddie wouldn't have a chance at Abner's place.

On Sunday Mr. Young has introduced some good music into the church, but here again he has antagonized some old-timers who have stopped regular attendance in the face of such "worldliness."

Perhaps the effort to make the church mean something in village life is ordained to failure. After all the only point of contact with non-church-goers is through the church-goers, and they are poor missionaries.

Congregations in Fairtown are made up largely of women and old folks. The stability of the church membership is recognized tacitly. When one of the aforementioned half-wits, Edwin Josiah Hankins, known far and wide as "Simple Ed," suddenly decided to desert the Baptist Church and make himself one of Mr. Young's flock, the Baptists were quick to hook "Simple Ed" back where he belonged . Their minister, Mr. Opple, called formally on Mr. Young and directly accused him of proselyting.

There is something tragic, something grim in this typical incident. Mr. Opple has grown gray in the service and he must guard the thinning ranks of his church people. It is exactly representative of his church ideas, his religious attitude, that the most important thing of a long time is the fast securing of "Simple Ed." It is ironical, too, although no one questions Mr. Opple's sincerity, for he must eke out his living and every Baptist is part of his daily bread; he can ill afford to lose a sheep from his flock!

So it is that congregations are fairly stationary, with a tendency to dwindle. They are freshly recruited with people growing old, but through their narrow channels of contact with the town life they draw little replenishment.

Years ago a revivalist occupied Mr. Young's pulpit, but the converts of that day speedily backslid. Anyway many of the trustees did not believe in this kind of conversion. Not long ago a minister induced the church to try advertising, but the attempt was limited to a decent card simply naming the church and adding the words, "All Invited." There was no perceptible result and the advertising was dropped since it gave rise to interchurch jealousy.

All the church services are surprisingly alike. Perhaps the important thing is that the congregations move through them as through a formula. It requires a great amount of nervous energy, attention, and interest to make the words of hymns, psalms, and prayers really mean something every Sunday. To almost everyone they are just words. Even Judge Thaxter over there—isn't he really thinking about tomorrow's court cases, and not about the prayer for salvation?

The church service in Fairtown has become a ritual. Its religious effect is strictly emotional, except for the sermon. Mr. Young gets his sermons across. Mr. Opple, and Mr. Jimpson, the Congregationalist, have been too long at the game. They are well-meaning but long-winded; their own parishioners say so. The ungodly ask what you can expect for four hundred dollars a year.

Sometimes Fairtown church people argue about religion. Mrs. Thaxter ends all her disputes by saying, "Well, you don't know *my* Jesus!" Perhaps this is true; but how about the Jesuses of Mr. Opple and Mr. Jimpson and Mr. Young? They are quite different, all of them, and it may be that every church member of Fairtown has his own.

The Fairtown moving picture theatre is also on Main Street and it always has a crowd. Here men and women and children are entertained and they get many ideas of life and manners and of the world in general. What a handicap this Mr.

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Young has put himself under by wanting to do good in the service of God! With the impossible millstone of his trustees and their unchangeable religions and the equally unchangeable formula of prayer and hymn and psalm. If Mr. Young had only opened a moving picture theatre!

But this is fantasy. And the tinkly church bells are calling. The Thaxters proceed slowly to prayer. "Simple Ed" is dutifully bound to Mr. Opple's church. All is well in Fairtown.

John Upham drives another nail, and William Johnson has found his leak. A few younger bloods linger in Abner's where the Sunday papers are sold. The division between sinners and saved has been drawn so long that it is commonplace and nobody seems to care. The church bells cease and the sound dies away. There will be a lot of useful odd jobs done in Fairtown today. H.

The Red Army

A DISINTEGRATING mass of humanity; clamorous, drunken, licentious; obeying no orders; frenzied by rumors, meetings, undigested political theories, fears, hopes; a mass without aim or discipline, yet in possession of machine guns and ammunition,—such was the old Tsarist army at the end of the summer of 1917. Kerensky had attempted to keep it clear of politics; he had introduced capital punishment for seditious propaganda; he had barred the Bolsheviki from the front. The measures had failed. The decay was an outcome of three years' warfare under the Tsar and several months of revolution under an eloquent but feeble government which tried to please everybody and lost the confidence of all. The army had degenerated into a medley of regiments ruled by committees, committees ruled by demagogues, hundreds of thousands of deserters, numerous delegations confronting the government with ultimata, groups of marauders in the rear, "fraternization" practice at the front. The army had ceased being a fighting force if not a revolutionary hotbed. It is characteristic of Kerensky's blindness that he attempted to throw this army into an offensive. The spectacular collapse of the undertaking, followed later by a counter-revolutionary attempt of General Kornilov in secret understanding with Kerensky, completed the ruin of the army. Henceforward it was a mob of ex-soldiers who clogged the trenches and became a menace to organized society.

Nor did they wait for a demobilization decree. They began to rush home immediately after the October revolution. Those hundreds of trains which moved from the extended front in all directions, packed with soldiers above any conceivable capacity, following no schedule, disgorging savage groups wherever they stopped, spreading the infection of restlessness and blowing revolutionary passions into a flame as they passed on,—are one of the most spectacular chapters in the history of the revolution. Trotsky "negotiated" at Brest-Litovsk. He knew very well, as he writes in his "October Revolution," "that the army was infected with fatal disease, that it was falling to pieces, crowding, as it did, all the highways and roads." The only serious obstacle in the way of the German invasion, he adds, was space.

Russia was defenseless, but the revolution needed an armed force. A nucleus of it were the Red guards which had been organized by the Bolsheviki in the course of the summer. By October, 1917, they numbered a score or more of thousands, and it was due primarily to their valiant fighting in and around Petrograd that the Soviets came into power. They were free bands of armed workers, many of whom did not even know the use of arms. They were devoted to the revolution and could be a decisive factor in street fighting, yet compared with an organized army their power was nil. Meanwhile, young Soviet Russia was threatened by the White generals: Kornilov, later Krasnov, Alexeiev, Denikin, Dutov, by the Ukrainian Rada, by the Germans in the west. "Immediate peace" had been one of the slogans that carried the Soviets to victory. The world, however, was not ready to leave the new republic in peace. It became imperative for the revolution to fight.

The most fascinating phenomenon in the history of revolutionary organization now follows. To gain firm ground in the heaving mass of chaos; to get hold of the remnants of military equipment which the old army had scattered over Russia; to secure reliable commanders devoted to the new order; to change the tide of public sentiment towards a new and protracted war; to link the unwieldy and bewildered human material into new solid army units; to imbue the army with a new discipline and a new fighting spirit; to do this, originally, by sheer persuasion, by the convincing power of a gripping ideal, by the moving example of self-sacrificing revolutionary groups; to use the new army in tremendous war against numerous internal and foreign foes in a semi-devastated and of necessity restless country under the most adverse conditions,—organizing while fighting, fighting while learning, reshaping the economic system to meet war emergencies, adapting the very warfare to the harrowing needs of a blockaded country,—this was the task that confronted the new republic immediately after its coming into being. The task was accomplished in less than two years.

The number and kind of blunders committed at the beginning, was rather amazing and can only be explained by the utter lack of experience on the part of the army leaders and by their helplessness when face to face with unorganized revolutionary masses. The decree of January 28, 1918, ordered the construction of the Red army, but the army was supposed to consist of volunteers, and there was no organ to carry out the task. The decree of April 8, 1918, created central and local military commissariats to take charge of organizing and training the army, and the decree of April 22nd introduced universal military training; yet the military organization was still in a state of chaos. Even after the first draft had been made effective by the decree of June 12th in fifty-one counties (oujésd) on both sides of the Ural, the military units were far from resembling a modern army. They were generally known as "detachments," were organized locally in a

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haphazard fashion, they had no connection with each other, knew very little of reconnaissance, marched without plan and retreated without order. Their commanders were quite free to do each as he pleased, and, to quote a military authority, Bersin, "they hardly knew anything as to the quantity, quality, or location of the men at their disposal." In the summer of 1918, the institution of elected committees was still in existence in many detachments. The provisioning and equipment of the detachments corresponded to their general character of inefficiency and looseness.

The reaction came both from the ranks and from the centre. A process of selection was taking place in the very heat of warfare. Capable men, both Communist soldiers and former non-Communist officers, took the leadership here and there, consolidating the units, introducing order, establishing authority. A resolution passed by the soldiers of the third and seventh Ural units may be quoted as characteristic:

> 1) To establish order and discipline, it is necessary to immediately abandon the [elected] committees. Their time has passed.
>
> 2) Meetings and gatherings should be forbidden, unless expressly authorized by the military commissár. They are to take place only in the hours that are free of service.
>
> 3) Court martial (revolutionary military tribunals) must be reestablished in order that the criminals, the deserters and traitors, know that they shall be punished not by words, but by deeds.
>
> 4) Food, footware and equipment should be taken care of.
>
> 5) Commanders should be appointed from among experienced military men including the commanders of platoons.

An enormous work of organization was carried on by those Communists who had served in the army during the world war and had acquired some military knowledge. Other Communists, devoid of any military experience, worked as emissaries of the central government (commissárs) with officers of the Tsarist army who remained in service. At the same time, the new government was perfecting its central military organization, the Revolutionary Military Council of the Republic, a body equipped with unlimited power. Trotsky became the president of the Council and his implacable organizing talent hastened the construction of the military machine. "The Soviet republic is turning into a military camp," says the September 2nd, 1918, proclamation of the All-Russian Central Executive Committee of the Soviets. "At the head of all the fronts and all the military institutions of the republic is being placed the Revolutionary Military Council with one supreme commander. . . . All citizens, irrespective of age and occupation, are obliged to unhesitatingly fulfill those duties which the Soviet power will impose on them in defense of the country."

For more than two years after the issuing of the above proclamation, Russia continued to be a military camp. The Red army was the greatest care of the nation.

When I arrived in Russia, I found an army thoroughly organized, centrally managed, flexible, efficient. While it remains for military specialists to appraise the purely military value of this new army, we may attempt to point out its wider social characteristics.

1. The officer of the Tsarist army was, as before, at the head of the army units. He had originally been labelled in Soviet circles as the "military specialist" and looked upon with suspicion. Trotsky's most audacious master-stroke is considered his drawing the old officers into the new army. Without their specific knowledge and training, it is generally conceded, no modern army would have been possible in Soviet Russia. Yet the mutual adaptation was slow and painful. To the officer, the Communist was the embodiment of disorder and destruction. To the Communist, the officer was a secret monarchist and a friend of capitalism. The meeting ground was defensive war against foreign invasion. As the cooperation developed, the former officer realized that the Communists were at least courageous patriots concerned with the integrity of their fatherland. The Communists, on the other hand, discovered that many of the officers were men of honor who served not for reward, but out of love for the army and the country. Mutual understanding of a kind was established. Many officers actually acquired a wider political outlook under the influence of the Communists, and became friends of the Soviet régime. In times of crisis, when the Whites were gaining the upper hand, desertions of officers from the Red army were quite frequent. The majority, however, remained loyal. Some became so thoroughly identified with Sovietism that, were they to fall into the White camp, they would be executed at once. Many officers had grown to be real *commanders,* flesh of the army's flesh and blood of its blood, so that the slighting term specialist could hardly be applied to them. As a rule, the army officer's jurisdiction did not go beyond supervision of drilling in the rear and military command at the front.

2. Working with the officer was the commissár. He was supposed to be the eye and the ear of the Communist party in the army. His original task was to watch the military specialist so as to frustrate possible treason. Added to this was the work of political enlightenment among the soldiers. As a rule, however, the commissár was superior to the commander. Every order of the latter could be annulled by the commissár, but not vice versa. The jurisdiction of the commissár had never been circumscribed, and much depended on his personal qualities. That such duplication of power led often to friction, needs hardly be mentioned. "What is a commissár?" writes Smilga, a member of the Revolutionary Military Council. "On the one hand, he is seemingly nothing, since the commander of the regiment or the unit both manages and commands, and he is the chief of all the offices, all the departments and all the men. On the other hand, however, we see that the commissár is everything, since there is no branch of the military work in which he does not partake. He is the political leader, he gives definite advice as to the conduct of educational work, he watches the political mood of the army, he participates in the work of organization, he confirms the orders of his military specialist, he is alive to all the problems which interest the army at a given moment." The work of the commissárs was directed from the Political Department of the Revolutionary Military Council and was considered of the utmost importance. It was the commissár, and not the commander, who carried into the ranks the hopes and the ardor and the endurance of the revolution. He was the moving spirit in the body of the army. Abuses of power were not infrequent, yet they are not the salient feature of the institute of commissárs.

3. The ideal of the Soviet leaders was a combination of commander and commissár, i. e., a Communist military specialist, i. e., a "Red commander." Where an army officer happened to be a member of the Communist party,

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this ideal was reached, the commissár was superfluous, and the causes of friction non-existent. Since, however, it could not be expected that most of the commanders should join the Communist party in the near future, and since the expanding army needed a growing force of officers, especially of the lower ranks, and since it had become a tendency of the Soviets to train their own intelligentzia recruiting the ablest of the workmen and peasants, the training schools for Red commanders had been established. I found the country covered with a thick net of such schools or "courses," and the number of students not far from a hundred thousand. The overwhelming majority were sons of workmen and peasants delegated to the schools from the various army units. Ordinarily, young men of good mentality and radical proclivities were selected. The training was highly intensive, lasting in some schools six months, in others more. After passing an examination, many of the students were promoted to the ranks of company or battalion commanders. The work of training was going on while the war continued, and in times of stress entire regiments were formed from the Red students. Those future commanders turned out to be the most daring fighters. With transition to peace, the period of training was extended to two and three years, and the schools were put on a more solid basis. Activities in the higher military institutions of learning had been gradually resumed in 1919 and 1920, and many new institutions opened. By the beginning of this year, the military academies were in full swing.

4. Military discipline in the Red army had all the outward form of subordination and obedience to command, yet its inward nature had undergone a radical change. The officers had no ranks, and were distinguished only by the positions held: commander of a regiment, a brigade, a division. Their uniforms differed from those of the rank and file only by small insignia on the sleeves. The commanders were supposed to stay in the same barracks as the plain soldiers, to eat their food and to share their lives and hardships. This rule was not everywhere observed. It was hard for the former officers to acquire the new methods. The higher commanders, however, did their best to eliminate material differences between commander and soldier. In the case of the Red commander, the gulf was bridged completely. The Red commander was superior to the plain soldier neither by birth, nor by his previous mode of living. His authority rested entirely on better knowledge and higher personal qualities. "Comrade commander" when addressed to a former iron-worker or mason, did not sound ludicrous. The authority of the commander stopped with the close of drilling hours. Outside of the ranks, the soldier was not obliged to salute his superiors, though he did it frequently out of courtesy. "The soldier and the officer are comrades in arms, and the Soviet republic knows only differences in knowledge, not differences in status," this is the rule which dominated the military authorities. They were aware of the fact that this new, free discipline, born of a revolutionary storm, demanded new officers of an entirely democratic training.

5. Education and political enlightenment were given to the army on a very wide scale. This work was the undisputed domain of the commissárs. A "political instructor," ordinarily a soldier of some schooling, was assigned to each company. The instructor was under the supervision of the regiment commissár. A minimum of two hours daily was devoted to "political A B C," in the form of lectures, discussions, or reading. The text-book most frequently used was Bukharin's "A B C of Communism," a volume of three hundred and forty pages containing the principles of political economy from a socialist standpoint and a description of the various phases of Soviet Russia under Communist rule. The political instruction had at least the effect of wakening the common soldier to a realization of his rôle in the destinies of his country. It undoubtedly stimulated political thinking. Special military journals were published both in the centre and at the various fronts. I examined many of the publications and found that they contained, outside of purely military matter, much useful information and that they were ably and plainly written. The centres of general education were the Red army clubs. Located in the best buildings of the cities, provided with theatre halls, libraries, tea rooms, reading and recreation rooms, well lit and heated, the army club houses formed an oasis in the bleak life of present-day Russia. Lectures by the ablest military and civilian specialists on a great variety of topics, concerts by the best musicians, theatricals by artists and amateur soldiers, exhibitions, dances and entertainments, followed each other in unbroken succession. It is here that the revolutionary leaders, the non-partisan cultural worker, and the military rank and file came into the closest contact.

6. The soldiers were by no means dumb. Neither were they satisfied. Conferences were being held in all the garrisons. Political discussion was rampant. The work of the administration was often criticized severely. The relation between village and town was a question of much concern to an army composed mainly of peasants. Scant food and inadequate clothing were no inducement to ease of mind. I have often wondered how it was possible for an army with sapped vitality to continue fighting under so much privation. Its endurance and valor have their only explanation in revolutionary enthusiasm which no amount of suffering could abate. Those sons of peasants and workers knew that they were fighting for something they considered most precious.

MOISSAYE J. OLGIN.

The Man Whose Pharynx Was Bad

The time of year has grown indifferent.
Mildew of summer and the deepening snow
Are both alike in the routine I know.
I am too dumbly in my being pent.

The wind attendant on the solstices
Blows on the shutters of the metropoles,
Stirring no poet in his sleep, and tolls
The grand ideas of the villages.

The malady of the quotidian . . .
Perhaps, if summer ever came to rest
And lengthened, deepened, comforted, caressed
Through days like oceans in obsidian

Horizons full of night's midsummer blaze;
Perhaps, if winter once could penetrate
Through all its purples to the final slate,
Persisting bleakly in an icy haze;

One might in turn become less diffident—
Out of such mildew plucking neater mould
And spouting new orations of the cold.
One might. One might. But time will not relent.

WALLACE STEVENS.

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CORRESPONDENCE

[The New Republic welcomes communications from its readers in regard to subjects of current interest, and especially concerning articles which have appeared in its columns. Those of 300 words or less are necessarily more available for publication than longer letters.]

The End of Ulster

SIR: Differing from Mr. Finerty's main position that the "British" in Ulster must be reckoned "Irish" because they are a minority of the total population of Ireland and differing from the New Republic that they have a right to "self-determination equal to that of the Native Irish," I crave space to present the problem as it strikes a Scot who believes in the general principle of National Self-Determination.

Early in the 17th century the land in Ulster was forcibly seized and planted with alien British by the government of Britain; these British, by blood, religion and political ideology were not Irish and so far as some of them desire are not "Irish" to this day. The Ulster "British" have no claim (save conquest) to the actual land in Ulster but they have a proper claim, so far as they wish to press it, to be reckoned Britishers and to be removed back to Britain or her colonies at the expense of the British government. They have no claim for special consideration at the hands of the "Native Irish." Morally speaking, the Native Irish did not create the Ulster problem and the solution of the practical difficulty should lie on the British who originally created it.

Were the British even now to offer to the Ulster British to transport those who decided they could not live under an All-Ireland Parliament, we would discover that very few would choose to emigrate and we would discover that, as one might expect, the morally just solution would be the most permanent and the least costly. The plea for the division of Ulster from the rest of Ireland can only be maintained by those who consider that the injustice of the "plantation" is a sound reason for continuing to bolster it up.

The Greek-Turkish War, now going on, was initiated by the Entente's gift of Smyrna and the territory beside it to Greece on the fallacious basis that a considerable Greek (voluntary) "plantation" existed there. The mutual slaughter of Greeks and Turks goes on and slaughter will go on for years to come until the attempt to bolster up a fictitious and unjust "plantation" is ended.

Were a million Russians to enter the United States either forcibly or voluntarily the United States government would not allow them to claim "Russian Self-Government." Why ask the Irish to allow the same plea as regards Ulster?

P. McOMISH DOTT.

Hailes Brae, Coliston, Edinburgh.

The Last Christian

SIR: Witter Bynner's appeal to the public to "unjail" Eugene Debs, The Last Christian, (see the New Republic of August 3rd), should arouse the conscience of Christians, if there be any Christians left. It should give the nation a bad conscience if the nation be not lost to all sense of shame.

Since the Church has lost its faith, the nation has lost its courage and we have nothing left to comfort us, not even a sense of humor. If when President Harding had come into office he had freed Eugene Debs, it would have been the most popular act of his administration, for the common people still have faith in Jesus Christ and love Eugene Debs for standing by his principles. The only crime that Eugene Debs committed was that he believed in the Sermon on the Mount, even after the Church had pronounced against it.

If anybody doubts that Eugene Debs is a follower of Christ, let him turn to the 5th Chapter of Matthew and read the account of Christ's spoken words.

If Christ should come to Washington, what Church would he attend? President Harding's or ex-President Wilson's? President Harding is a member in good standing of the National Baptist Church, and ex-President Wilson is an Elder in the National Presbyterian Church. I leave this question to the church members of the nation.

If Christ should go to Atlanta, everybody knows what would happen. Jesus would not attend church at all, but would go to prison and Eugene Debs would, "rejoice and be exceeding glad," for he would hear the voice of the Master, saying,

"This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased."

William Dean Howells reckoned it among the great achievements of literature, that Tolstoi had succeeded "in giving the nations a bad conscience."

God grant that Witter Bynner and all other lovers of civil and religious liberty may succeed in giving the church a bad conscience, so that it may order its servants in Washington to open the prison doors and let Eugene Debs go free.

GENEVIEVE BENNETT CLARK.

Bowling Green, Missouri.

Coolidge and his Reds

SIR: I have this minute read your editorial entitled Coolidgisms in the issue of August 3rd. Permit me to congratulate you!

If you can exert an influence which may keep our Vice President alive to the dignity of his position, and prevent him from breaking into print with his many half-baked ideas you will have justified your existence as a magazine.

True, the salary of the Vice President is meager, and his position of prominence is somewhat recent; and the magazines will pay high prices for his signature; but as long as he is Vice President I wish he wouldn't disillusion us by calling attention to his limitations and provincialism. The Reds Stalking the College Women is a most striking example of what not to do when Vice President of the United States.

I sing with you—"God Save Harding."

MARY ASBURY MCKAY.

Columbia, Missouri.

Places for Women

SIR: The letter of Mrs. Wembridge printed in your issue of August 17th, in which she refers to my article Woman's Inferiority Complex, published in your issue of July 20th, raises an interesting point. In effect she says that married women, owing to the claims of home work and family, and to popular prejudice, are prevented from taking an active part in politics or the professions, that they are excluded, in fact, from practically the whole business of life outside the home; that the field of active women is limited to "unmarried women and widows." She then meets her point by stating that "the vocations must be studied with reference to their adjustment to home work, part-time work, more economy in household engineering . . . . and the results should be at the disposal of girls . . . . in school, with encouragement for them to plan ahead for economic independence." While the limitation she imposes on married women is rigid, she hits the nail on the head with this suggestion for raising the status of all women.

The problem of the married woman has already been met successfully by a few in exceptional positions, like Lady Astor, and by some in more average positions in life, like Mrs. Agnes Riddle, perhaps one of the ablest members of several Colorado legislatures, who, with husband and children and farm to manage, has performed efficiently the duties of mother, housewife, farmer and legislator. There are other married women in this country and Europe who have made good state and local officials. I have met some of them, and I know well several wives and mothers who are managing successfully both their careers as professional women and their homes. I mention these cases only to show that some women individually have overcome their "inferiority complex" and their inferior status as household drudges, to which married and unmarried women alike have been assigned through the ages.

But it undoubtedly requires a "mass movement" of women

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to raise their status as a class. It requires a mass movement to revolutionize and develop household engineering in order to release the majority of them from unnecessary household drudgery, and to active public service, just as it required a mass movement of women to win the vote. Tied as many of them are to the house, I differ from your correspondent and maintain that women, married or unmarried, are ready for public service *now*, whether the office be school trustee, member of the town council, of the legislature or of Congress. Their training as mothers and housewives, breadwinners, suffragists, and reformers, is at least as valuable as men's training in the somewhat muddy pool of party politics.

ANNE MARTIN.

Reno, Nevada.

Color in Santo Domingo

SIR: In your comment on present conditions in the ancient island of Hispaniola are these words: "the other half of the island, also inhabited by Negroes, in Santo Domingo," etc. If by "inhabited by Negroes" you mean that Santo Domingo, like Hayti, is a Negro republic, let me remind you that in a similar connection the Nation speaks of Santo Domingo as "white"; and that the Nation is right and you are wrong. Mr. Kallen not long ago made a similar error in your columns. The population of all the West Indies is blended in various shades of color. Porto Rico is the whitest island of all, with about thirty per cent black. The blend in the Dominican Republic resembles that in Porto Rico, though somewhat darker—about the same as in Cuba. Santo Domingo occupies not only half the island, but more than two-thirds, although the population is less than half that of Hayti. SYLVESTER BAXTER.

San Juan, Porto Rico.

The Voice of the People

SIR: It may surprise you to learn that one of your subscribers is to be numbered among that great inarticulate "mass of the population of New York City," who is anathematized by that select circle of "the educated and well-to-do residents" to which you referred with so much condescension in your recent reference to the mayoralty campaign.

In making this confession I admit that I am somewhat confused as to the possibilities of Democracy and the failure of the Masses to appreciate the superior standardization which the Mitchel administration brought to our modest metropolis.

You will observe, however, that the Masses did elect Mr. Mitchel but that after a trial he was rejected—due, I presume, to this same inability to recognize the virtues of a standardized municipal government.

But though the Masses may be inarticulate maybe they do think once in a while even though they are unable to analyze or psycho-analyze with the same ease that characterizes our intellectual abstractionists and other "educated and well-to-do residents."

Some of the Masses have read the Declaration of Independence and some of them are actually familiar with Jefferson; they are rather apprehensive about the kind of Democracy that they think should prevail. When they notice that the veracious daily newspapers are against the Democratic party candidate and for the opposition, when they have evidence that the "Fusionists" have a campaign fund of $2,000,000 and that the "Fusion" candidate has "high social ambitions" they change their minds.

Probably they are abstractionists also; they prefer a semblance of Democracy to "standardized government."

Probably Jefferson placed too much faith in the Masses but obviously Lincoln derived his inspiration from this faith and by it he probably achieved much more than he would have without it.

The Masses may not be entirely wrong and Democratic government may not be an impossibility. The man who went to Paris was strong "on Washington" but weak on Jeffersonism; probably if he had had a little of this Jeffersonian faith "open covenants openly arrived at" might have been more open.

FRED R. JONES.

New York City.

The Bandwagon

FED UP

I am thoroughly sick of the soul-searching obscenities of many of the modern novels.—Assistant Secretary of the Navy Theodore Roosevelt.

NEEDN'T BELONG TO THE KU KLUX KLAN

We turned down the labor film, The Contrast, because it has the influence of arraying class against class . . . If the decision is questioned, which it seems to be, the members of the board are willing to leave it to a committee composed of an American Legion man, a lawyer, a physician, a minister; a school teacher, a prominent woman, and one more good man from any class just so he is a real, red blooded American.—Chairman Harris of the Kansas Moving Picture Censor Board.

INCREASE AND MULTIPLY

[Dedicated to Bre'r Rabbit]

WASHINGTON, Aug. 30.—Some weeks ago President Harding, glancing through the rotogravure section of a Sunday newspaper, noted the picture of Mr. and Mrs. Domenico Zaccahea of New York City and their sixteen children, whereupon he wrote Mrs. Zaccahea, congratulating her on being the mother of such a splendid brood and at the same time stating that he himself was one of eight children.

In mentioning the latter fact, he recalled that his mother in her declining years had once said that she would have been happy to have been the mother of eight more little Hardings "if she had her life to live over again." *Special to the New York Times.*

Wife: Eight dear ones I bore
I'd welcome eight more.
Husband: I earn ten a week,
It just makes me sore,
I'd like twenty more.
Landlord: I'd like twenty more.

Ten Years Later

Wife: Sixteen dear ones I bore,
I'd like sixteen more.
Husband: Now twenty I get
For my little chore.
I'd like twenty more.
Landlord: I *want* twenty more.

Ten Years Later

Wife: Thirty-two kids I bore,
Give me thirty-two more.
Husband: My wages are fifteen,
The older the lower.
I'd like twenty more.
Landlord: I want twenty more.

Ten Years Later

Wife: I've had sixty-four,
Doctor, *can't* I have more?
Husband: I am nearing my end
If my life I had o'er,
I'd learn to talk English,
Earn two dollars more,
And so try to keep
The old wolf from the door.
Landlord: I want twenty more.

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After the Play

HAVING read Mr. Sidney Howard on the tremendous drama of modern labor, I went with real respect to see his poetic drama called Swords, now playing at the National Theatre. That Swords was not realism seemed to me, on the whole, alluring. A "costume" play, as people call it (forgetting that even bedroom plays are frequently costumed) is, in itself, an excellent medium. By leaving the present a dramatist drops the harness of actuality and on that very account is often enabled to release his audience's imagination under circumstances which favor rather than distract the heart in its pursuit of unity and beauty. Over our own time the light is clear, but likely to be too hard. With times set in the distance there is the compactness and comprehensiveness of distance. The Past, as the drama will never cease to prove, is the friend of effectiveness, of form.

But it is not self-acting. By flinging away the restraint of actuality, by taking on the picturesqueness of something not dulled by use and wont, a dramatist cannot thereby assume to succeed. He cannot do without intuition, without a knowledge of life and character, without dramatic surprise and imaginative sympathy. The picturesque is not in itself kinetic. In the lion's skin of the historic it still needs a lion to roar.

This, I regret to say, seemed to me doubly true after seeing Swords. One renews one's acquaintance with the literary moon, the lily in the field of night. One learns again that in an exalted hour people's feet are "on the mountains." One is told of emotions that are like "seagulls dancing on the waves." Breasts, hair, swords, stars, the Virgin Mary, and all sorts of other properties that go to make up romance according to the standards of the college English Course—these one gathers are still in vogue among the more expressive and romantical. But of the poetry that inheres in men and women or even in ideal emotions personally and authentically conceived—there is nothing measurable. One finds oneself in the whispering gallery of other men's visions, passions and dreams.

And the echoes are indecently fresh. Mr. Howard follows The Jest. If an Italian's brilliant sadism could blossom out in Mr. Sheldon's purple blotches of speech, why shouldn't Mr. Howard also spout? "I'll suck the occasion dry of what it holds." Exactly so. And if Mr. John Barrymore is out of reach, how about Mr. José Ruben to give us the pangs of cruelty? And if the intensity of the Barrymores did wonders, why not the imaginative dignity and superior air of Miss Eames? Robert Edmond Jones, fortunately, is available for both, the finest stylist in designing and producing American plays. These things, with at the end the villain's death instead of the heroine's rape, almost establish a school of sword-plays, served with poetic culturine.

But, is it enough to combine with tinsel words a rhetorical anecdote of lust? Canetto (Mr. Ruben) tells us he is the villain. He wears mustard-colored tights, very sinister, and a black jumper and a cloak of smouldering red. He smells of villainy long before he opes the trap-door and sees—God holp us—the rack. (Not the hat-rack but the rack on which he is to have the heroine's husband disjointed.) He is very wicked, Canetto. He faithfully serves his Master, Ugolino, while repeatedly assuring us he is malignant. From Ugolino he learns about the beautiful Fiamma (Miss Eames) who is prisoner in the old castle at which we see him arriving. "Why did you not tell me she is beau-ti-ful?" You smell a rat? The rat is Canetto. He is embittered because a jongleur is not taken sufficiently seriously and therefore has the inferiority complex. Here he is in the castle where Fiamma is hostage, and he is about to breathe love on Fiamma in a way that almost singes her flesh.

"All must be clear as fine French glass." That is one of Mr. Sidney Howard's Tudor Reproduction lines. To make all clear is difficult, but imagine, at any rate, a great gray tower castle on an island, seen on the inside, two flights of steps at the back, the one to the left going up to a blue-sky arch that opens above the sea, the one to the right going up to the heavy door that leads to Fiamma's apartment. On the floor level a stone banquet table to the right, the rest of the floor merely an empty reception hall. Here the soldiers enter, the peasants and fishermen throng, the rescuers and defenders struggle, the Papal Nuncio stalks, the hooded priest appears (Fiamma's husband in disguise). It is unnecessary to comprehend or motivate or sympathize in any way with anything except the position of Fiamma as hostage, of Canetto as a devilish fellow determined to have her, and of Ugolino as an infatuated admirer of Fiamma but a mere blond Germanic boor.

Canetto starts out to gain Fiamma with a handicap in his favor. He has with him Fiamma's son, kidnapped from the father in Rome. He tells Ugolino that unless the beautiful Fiamma comes across, he'll reach her through the chee-ild. Of this diabolic plan he also informs Fiamma. He is in high spirits. He threatens or promises to "dance across the nations of the world." And he waves his arms, does innumerable exercises, and fills Fiamma with the kind of feeling that bachelors have when they see their first cockroach.

Into a play in which rescues, escapes, love-scenes, assault and battery, drunken sleep and human mutilation are hurriedly jumbled one can scarcely imagine that any sense of life could be imported. But that is to reckon without the acting profession. Mr. Ruben does everything with his hollow villain that the resounding drum-stick can do, while Miss Clare Eames manages to give to her part as Fiamma a degree of reality that is compelling. For some, I know, Miss Eames's restraint has no magic. She is described as chill and even prim. But on the occasion when I saw her —the sweltering matinee before Labor Day—her "primness" seemed to me to be that of a singularly expressive actress who declines to rant. She is an actress for tragedy, possibly, and possibly for parts in which there is a touch of wintriness or at least not the flashing fruitfulness of July. Her style in repose is sometimes stilly and formal, like a da Vinci painting. But there is in her the secret fire of imaginativeness, in this case the ability to convey a woman destined for high ends, cast in a noble mould. In Ibsen, I believe, one could properly measure the range and depth of her gifts, and I am certain those gifts are rare. At any rate, her icy splendor almost redeems Swords.

But Swords is not to be redeemed. Not all the visual glorifications of Mr. Jones nor all the passionate zeal of the players can give to this text any relation to anything—except The Jest. It is a juvenile exercise, and one which it was a pure gamble to produce. It is bound by its very pretentiousness and fustian to impress many people. At the name of Poetry every knee shall bend. But it is the outcome of pseudo-culture and is as futile as are swords themselves.

FRANCIS HACKETT.

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A New World

Problems of a New World, by J. A. Hobson. New York: The Macmillan Co.

TO the historian of the future one of the most incredible facts about the war will be its surprise. He will see the forces making for it, the rise of nationalism, the combinations of capital, the extension of imperialistic ambition absorbing the world into possessions and spheres of influence, above all he will note the massive preparations for combat in alliances and armaments, and he will wonder how to reasonable beings looking before and after, the war could be anything but an expected example of the elementary relation of cause and effect. It will be difficult for him to perceive that it was precisely because of trust in reason that this relation was ignored, because of the scientific forecast of the universal and all-devouring character of modern war and of the illusory nature of victory that men somehow believed even when they were marching directly into collision that they would yet avoid the battle. With the warning fresh before us of the futility of reason to ward off evils which it can foresee, it would be rash to prophesy that the great war is the last; and yet the hope persists, and it derives its force from the knowledge of the economic causes of war, the realization of the relation between social phenomena and war, and the critical examination of the war mind, all of which have become subjects of wide discussion in the last years. Whereas before 1914 the intellect of the world was as regards such matters in an infant department of a Sunday School, with only a small adult class in theory taught by Mr. Norman Angell, at present there are scores of graduate teachers, with the war itself as clinic and laboratory. Of the elementary, and it may be hoped, popular textbooks, Mr. Hobson's Problems of a New World is one of the most comprehensive and lucid presentations of the subject.

Mr. Hobson begins by making a psycho-analysis of the war. He traces its origin to "perverted Nationalism and Capitalism, in their joint reactions upon foreign relations," and shows the feebleness of the safeguards in economic internationalism and democracy on which liberal and humane opinion had relied to prevent the catastrophe. He sets forth the symptoms of "the break-up of the Great Peace," in class war, and sex war, in the glorification of force in art and literature, in the decline of religious and moral sanctions in ethics and politics. Coming to the war itself he explains as a necessary condition of its carrying on, the submergence of the individual in the herd and with unsparing analysis he establishes the characteristics of the herd mind, its vain glory, credulity, intolerance, in which press, school, pulpit, and court lost their valid claim to leadership and control. He explores with penetrating exegesis the mysteries of that idealism on the part of politicians like Mr. Wilson and Mr. Lloyd George, and on the part of the peoples whom they misled, which will constitute for the future the great comic theme in the tragedy. He finds the Treaties of Versailles "one elaborate travesty of this war idealism," and the League of Nations a supreme masterpiece of burlesque. He draws an indictment of our generation which no one whose mind is not closed to reason, whose heart is not hardened to remorse, and whose conscience is not dead, can read without bitter shame. All the more because Mr. Hobson's method is not denunciatory. He eschews even satire and irony. He writes in that great tradition of English persuasive eloquence which goes back to Hooker, with winning gentleness, reasonableness, patience.

> "For," he says, "unless you can bring home the charge to a man's own conscience you can achieve nothing in his reformation, and to bring a charge which is felt to be false and is actually false strengthens the self-defence which the accused makes at the bar of his own conscience."

The second half of Mr. Hobson's book if less convincing is the more important because it is a constructive study of society in which war may be avoided. "It was a shrewd instinct of self-defence," he remarks, "which led the Governments of the belligerent States to imprison men and women of the working classes who denounced 'a Capitalist War,'" for property interests, capitalistic imperialism and the profitable control of industry are at the root of international conflict. The war, he holds rightly, may be the great object lesson needed to bring home to mankind the necessity of curbing the selfish possessive forces within the state, if the state is not to be used by them in the conquest of further possessions abroad. To this end "property must be shorn of industrial control, that is to say, it must no longer be an instrument of profit." With labor, including of course that labor which is directive, in control of industry, Mr. Hobson looks for such increase of production "as to enable a decently ordered society to secure the material necessaries and comforts for all its members without imposing painful toil on anyone." The new technique of business organization, with the elimination of profit, will bring the markets of the world into free response to this increased productivity. For the revolution necessary to accomplish these changes Mr. Hobson looks not to the class war, nor to political activity of a labor or socialist party, but to a change in the attitude of the possessing classes themselves. Only by a large secession of the conservatives to the ranks of the reformers can the revolution be accomplished—a revolution by consent. To the lesson of the war, and to its prophecy of the extinction of civilization Mr. Hobson looks as one great motive for this change of heart; but he has faith also in "the voice of humanity and justice reaching the conscience and the reason through the wrappings of interest and custom." And he adds in words which are the very text of liberalism: "To further this liberation of ideas and sentiments in the more sensitive and mobile minds of the possessing and ruling classes should be a primary consideration in the tactics of the revolution."

One special danger Mr. Hobson sees, one alluring false turning which may lead man far from his goal. That is the temptation offered to capital and labor to combine in exploitation of the undeveloped regions of the world, of which the inhabitants, the so called backward peoples, may be made to bear the burden of gathering the raw materials and of the simpler industrial processes, while capital and labor may share in the profits of the finished product. This support of industrialism by a return to slavery is brought nearer to realization by the mandatory provisions of the League of Nations, with their imperfect measures for the protection of the people of the mandated regions and for the restraint of mandatory nations in assuming for themselves, by preferential tariffs and prices, the complete production of the mandated areas. For once, Mr. Hobson's indignation breaks out into objurgation:

> This perversion of this great ideal of a League of Nations into a present instrument for autocratic and imperialistic government will rank in history as a treason

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to humanity as deplorable as the Peace Treaty with which it was so injuriously bound.

Moreover, Mr. Hobson points out that on the one hand this exploitation of backward peoples renews "the chief social driving force in the causation of the war," in the rivalry of nations; and, furthermore, that this alignment of capital and labor of the white race against the yellow or the brown merely substitutes a race for a class cleavage with consequences even more disastrous to the peace of the world.

Undoubtedly, the constructive portion of Mr. Hobson's book will be found lacking in specific support for the optimistic conclusion which he accepts as possible. It must be admitted that such a plan of a future world should be described in words used by Newman of a very different project, as "a possible road between a mountain and a morass to be put through, if it is to exist at all, by the boldness and skill of the engineers." The mountain is the society of today, based upon industry for profit, capitalistic imperialism, and international rivalry, which is war in preparation or actuality. The morass is the revolutionary collapse into which the mountain threatens bodily to slide and sink. Our chief ground of hope that the catastrophe may be avoided, is that engineers like Mr. Bertrand Russell and Mr. Hobson, M. Romain Rolland and Herr Rathenau are to be found who are willing to commit themselves to plans so boldly and magnanimously conceived of a better world.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

A Slice of Kansas

Folks, by Victor Murdock. New York: The Macmillan Co.

MR. MURDOCK'S theme is the building of the city of Wichita, Kansas, a romantic story told in a series of portrait sketches of the "folks" who helped in one way or another to put the town on the map.

These "folks" in the main were town-boosters, not content to sit back and "watch the old town grow," but eager to pitch in and help; to vote railroad bonds and packing-house bonuses, so that Wichita might not be eclipsed by Wellington or Wingfield; to hazard realty investments; to persuade new enterprises to settle there by means of editorial hyperbole; and finally to go out en masse and assault culture. They were a "generation of dreaming builders, forever unwearied of dreaming and building," says Mr. Murdock, who as a boy grew up with the town, knew these dreamers well and tells about them in a "folksy" way.

Between the ages of six and sixteen he lived through Wichita's first boom. To the boy who could see from the window of his father's editorial sanctum a wide thoroughfare lined with sod houses, yellow unpainted shacks and scraggly cottonwoods trailing out on to the unbroken prairie, the prospect looked desperate. But to the elder Murdock, who was busy writing boom articles; to "Dutch" Bill Greiffenstein, who owned Douglas Avenue and gave away lots in order to draw the town in the direction of his own property; and to Steele and Levy, who handled Bill's real estate, this sprawling ugliness was the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things unseen.

A poet as well as a prophet, Mr. Murdock senior proclaimed that somehow, somewhere, "in this vast and lonely Yet to Be," there was to rise an imposing city, "a Peerless Princess of the Plains," and each day, exerting the magic of editorial incantation, he pronounced the mystic formulas which were to transform the dream into reality.

There was indeed a suggestion of magic about the whole procedure which turned people's heads, says Mr. Murdock; a whiff of sorcery that for a time bewitched the eager builders; but more recently the mysteries of exploitation have lost something of their inscrutable character.

Mr. Thorstein Veblen is one, for example, to take the Black Art somewhat lightly. The dreaming builders, as he sees them, are no other than a group of real estate speculators, usurers, merchants, brokers and finally lawyers acting in the interest of the group. Their dream is the hope of engrossing the increment of land values due to the development of the surrounding farm area; their vision, the expectation of marketing the farmer's product, controlling his credit and selling to him at a high profit. And finally the mystic exaltation of the builders is nothing but pecuniary interest speaking with the thrilling voice of public spirit, civic pride, or local patriotism.

Mr. Veblen does not credit a union between mysticism and cupidity. He believes in a cupidity which is expert in "kidding itself," as the "folks" would say.

Mr. Murdock, on the other hand, inclines to the romantic and orthodox American view which sees the development of this country as a work of heroic and devoted effort, and ignores the fifty-fifty basis upon which, "For the Glory of Christ and the Advancement of the Beaver Trade," the bulk of the enterprise was undertaken.

However this may be, the ecstasy of the builders vanished with the collapse of the first boom, and Wichita settled down in the second decade of her history to face hard times and the Farmer's Revolt in a somewhat more realistic mood.

"During the boom in Wichita," writes Mr. Murdock, "there was a certain tragic evolution in process of development in the countryside"; the mortgage had begun to pinch, land values to sag and wheat prices to decline. The farmer, realizing that he was being excluded from special privileges extended by the law to those who controlled the channels of credit and market, decided to capture the legislatures, state and national, and alter the law.

Mr. Murdock devotes some of the most vivid of his sketches to the protagonists in this struggle. Here among others are portraits of Senator John J. Ingalls, orator, cynic and realist,—embodiment of the system the farmers attacked; of Mary Elizabeth Lease, wife of the local druggist, the clear voiced, "alabastrine" poetess and agitator, who urged the farmers so successfully to "raise less corn and more Hell"; and finally of old Hank Heisermann, local Republican boss, who admirably foretold the fate of the Farmer's party, sitting one day in Bloss's blacksmith shop, where a rickety farm wagon was being repaired. "Another reason we Republicans will whale the daylights out of that crowd of calamity-howlers," said Hank, "is that people travel in ruts. You have to guide the horses when you're out of the ruts. Mostly folks don't care to guide. The ruts are fighting on our side."

Hank was right. It was not long before the farmer's dramatic protest was reduced to a "negligible incident, part and parcel of a chronic condition of rural complaint." Then with the return of prosperity to the town Wichita began once more to bloom.

In the third decade of her history Wichita heard little of the farmer. The town was busy producing its first crop of millionaires, organizing for culture, and making the cruel discovery that when a large railway corporation

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espouses a small city, the union is not necessarily a happy one.

But somewhat significantly the farmer turns up again at the end of the volume. Significant also is the fact that Frank Yaw, the farmer in question, with his passionate love of the soil and his quiet belief that "tillage is ancient, honorable and indispensable,"—is curiously unlike the other farmers of the chronicle, who on the whole managed to make a pretty bad impression. Their everlasting complaints against the Octopus that makes money dear and farm products cheap, the railroads and their extortionate freight charges, the unfair tariffs, the corrupt politicians and the wicked speculators have pretty much exhausted our patience. When everyone else is radiant, the farmer alone appears dissatisfied and subversive.

Frank Yaw is clearly exceptional. Frank "turned the sandy loam, watched the gentle kine in the pasture, the golden apples and painted peaches in the orchard, listened to the chanticleer, the lament of the dove, the globuled notes from meadow larks. . . ." He knew that some must build and others delve; showed no resentment when the rewards for delving fell far below the rewards for building and never suspected that the joyful builders depended upon the fruits of his fourteen to sixteen hours of happy toil per diem for a very large measure of their pleasure and profit.

There are times when we cannot help feeling that Frank is very nearly too good to be true; moments in other words when we suspect that Frank is almost exactly the townsman's ideal of what a farmer should be.

Why is Frank Yaw chosen as typical, when all the evidence has gone to show that the average farmer is quite a different kind of person? Why this anxiety to show us the town through the eyes of Frank, the Happy Farmer?

Mr. Murdock is not a realist. He has given a lively, heroic and affectionate account of one of the most significant and bewildering phenomena of the latter half of the nineteenth century in the United States, and that should suffice for most of us. For we, the "folks," are not realists either. We much prefer the genial and fabulous legend of western development to Mr. Veblen's sordid and forbidding analyses. Our spirits revive again when we gratefully hail Frank Yaw as the typical farmer of the Middle West. How admirably he maintains the tradition of the kindly and indomitable American character!

These are the things we like to believe about ourselves, and if there can be said to be any real difference between the East and the West, perhaps it is the fact that in the Mississippi Basin there exists a greater capacity for wholehearted and undismayed belief.

EDITH PARSONS MORGAN.

The Origin of Man

The Origin of Man and of his Superstitions, by Carveth Read, M. A. Cambridge University Press.

THIS is a curious book. It is composed of two halves very unequal in both length and subject-matter and united by the slenderest of connecting threads. The first two chapters outline Mr. Read's conception of how man evolved from an anthropoid form. The factor he stresses in this context is the adoption of a flesh diet with the correlated development of the hunting pack. This determinant is undoubtedly worth considering, but while the author may have come to develop his hypothesis by quite independent thinking it is not by any means new to science, for the very same idea was developed five years ago by Dr. William K. Gregory in his Studies on the Evolution of the Primates.

The major portion of the volume is devoted to a discussion of such cultural phenomena as Animism, Magic and Totemism. It is not very bad as such treatises by outsiders go, neither is it very good. Mr. Read has studied those general works and monographs which all British speculators on such matters study and his interpretations have the customary ring. Some of his suggestions are sensible enough, as when he explains that a shamanistic performance may function as a genuine theatrical entertainment from the spectators' point of view; or when he hesitates to accept the incredibly ridiculous hypothesis that the Australian elders evolved their matrimonial classes by deliberate excogitation. On the other hand, the stock concepts of the older evolutionist philosophy are applied with a naiveté that shocks the critical reader. "A tribe that produces poets" we read, "has an advantage in the struggle for life; and, accordingly, a strain of poet-blood is bred in the tribe, and shows itself in a certain number of youths in each generation."

At the very end Mr. Read indulges in some reflections on the future; but some paragraphs of lugubrious caterwauling lead to no positive suggestion but the incidental mention of eugenics and the doubtless accurate remark that "he who lives longest will see most." The book is clearly and, apart from a few extravagancies of terminology, even well written, but altogether I see no adequate reason for its existence. In the language of the Bab Ballads,

"No characteristic trait has it
Of any distinctive kind."

ROBERT H. LOWIE.

Selected Current Books

Mr. Waddington of Wyck, by May Sinclair. Macmillan.
A comedic novel in which a pompous male has the centre of the stage.

To Let, by John Galsworthy. Scribners.
The Forsytes again. "With this volume, the Forsyte Saga comes to an end."

A London Mosaic, by W. L. George and Philippe Forbes-Robertson. Stokes.
Satirical survey, with illustrations in color and tint.

A Correction

In the notice of Mr. Sisley Huddleston in the last number he should have been described as correspondent of The New Statesman and Westminster Gazette instead of The Nation.

Contributors

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